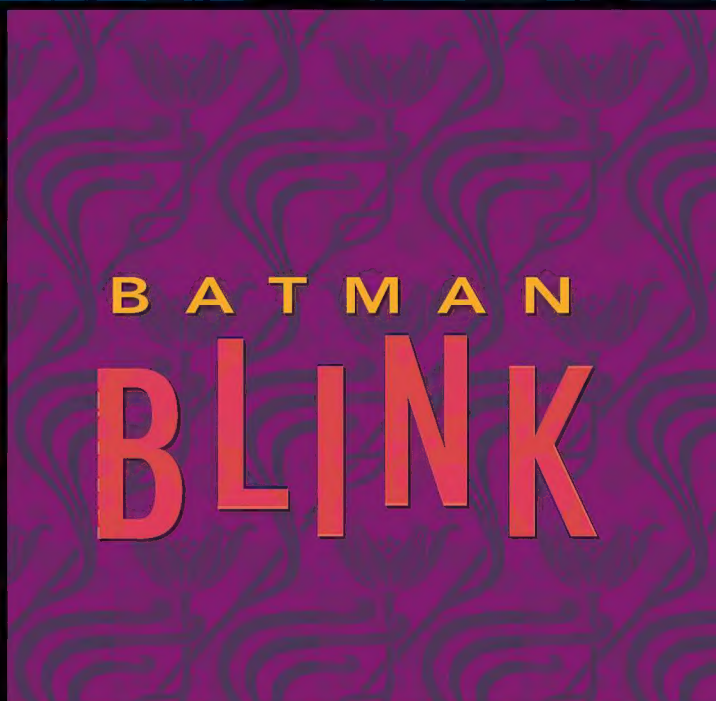




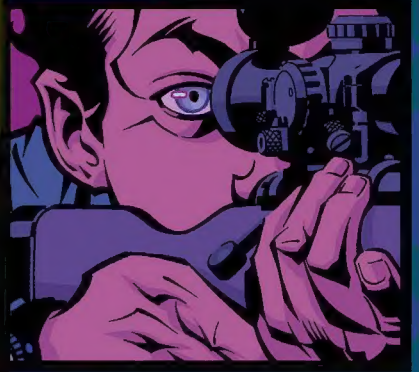
DC  
COMICS™



dwayne **McDUFFIE** val **SEMEIKS**  
dan **GREEN** james **SINCLAIR**







# BATMAN BLINK



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Art by  
**Val Semeiks and Dan Green**

Coloring by  
**James Sinclair**

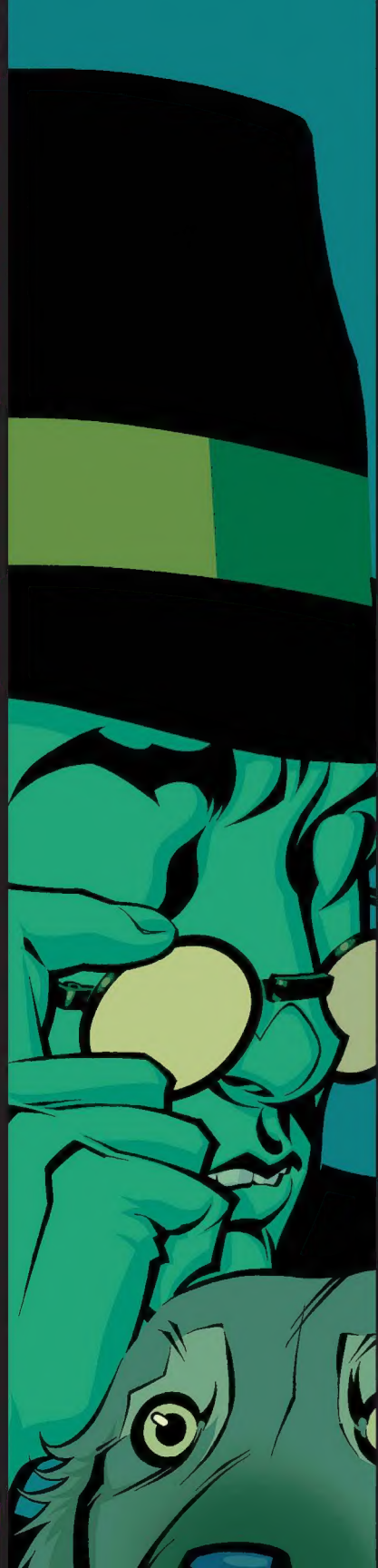
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BATMAN: BLINK

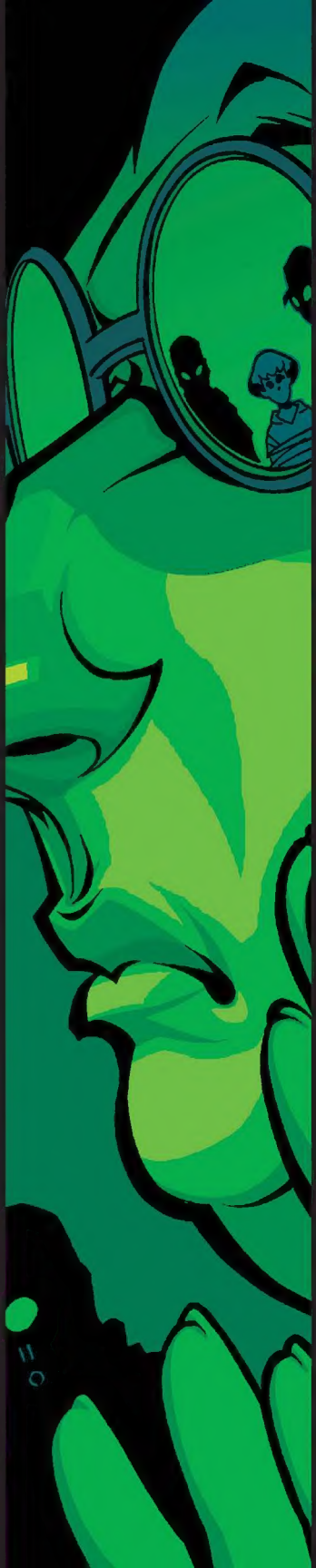
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BATMAN  
BLINK







*I didn't see  
the pattern.*

*In retrospect,  
I should have.*

*From the proper  
perspective the  
pattern is, more  
often than not,  
obvious.*

*But I didn't  
see it.*

*So another  
woman  
died.*

GOTHAM  
PACK  
SHIPPING





YOU GUYS GOT YOUR PICTURES?

ALL FINISHED, LIEUTENANT.

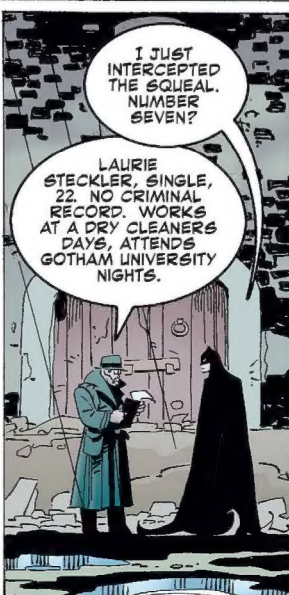


THEN LET'S WRAP THIS UP.



I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU WOULD SHOW UP.

GORDON.



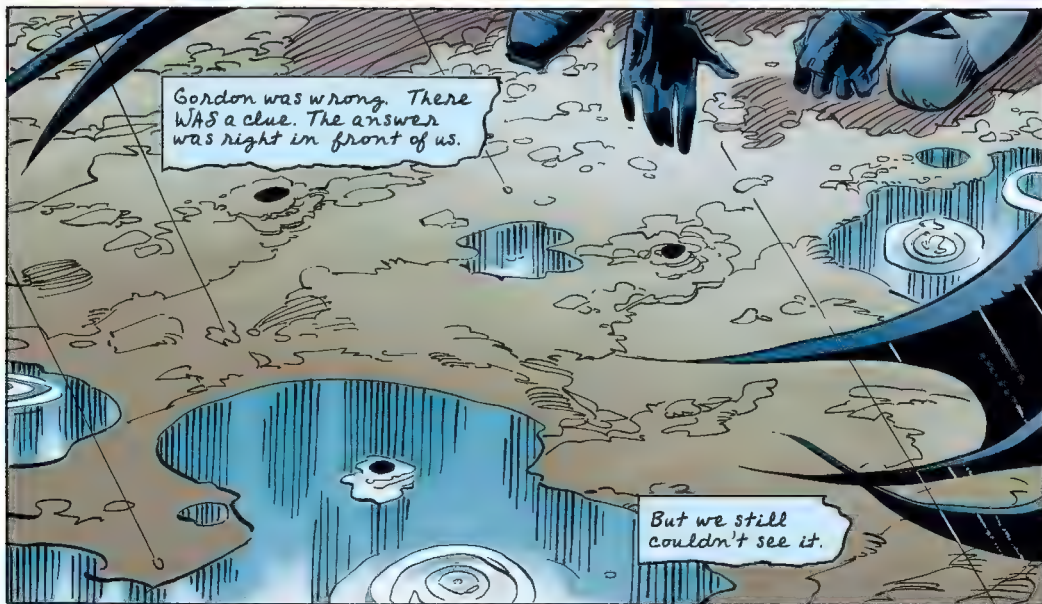
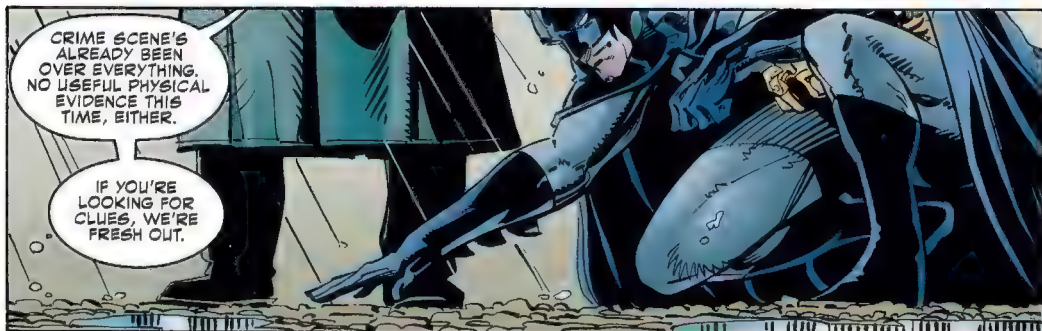
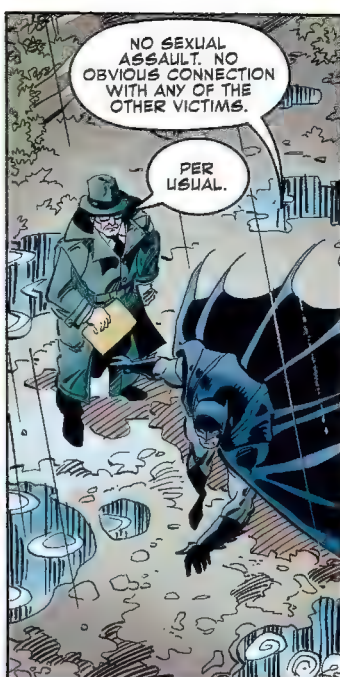
I JUST INTERCEPTED THE SQUEAL. NUMBER SEVEN?

LAURIE STECKLER, SINGLE, 22. NO CRIMINAL RECORD. WORKS AT A DRY CLEANERS DAYS, ATTENDS GOTHAM UNIVERSITY NIGHTS.



BROUGHT HERE BY FORCE, AGAINST HER WILL.







**JEWELERS**

MY SCAM IS SO  
SWEET, IT'S HARD  
TO BELIEVE.

IT'S SAFE. I'VE  
NEVER BEEN CAUGHT.  
OR EVEN SUSPECTED.

IT'S PROFITABLE. I ONLY  
WORK WHEN I FEEL LIKE IT  
AND I LIVE PRETTY WELL.

AND BEST OF ALL,  
NOBODY CAN DO  
IT BUT ME.

# BLINK

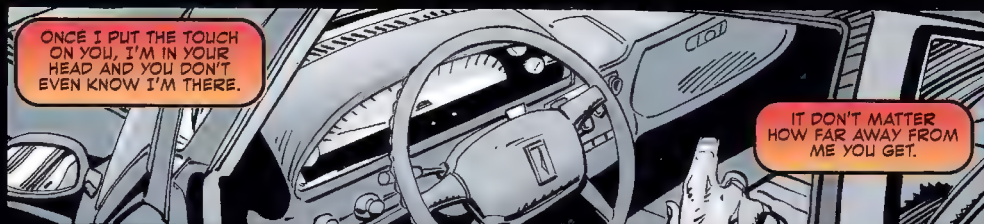
## PART ONE

<b>Dwayne McDuffie</b> writer	<b>Val Semeiks</b> penciller	<b>Dan Green</b> inker
<b>James Sinclair</b> colorist	<b>Digital Chameleon</b> separations	<b>K. Hathaway</b> letterer
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<b>Andy Helfer</b> editor		
<b>Batman created by Bob Kane</b>		









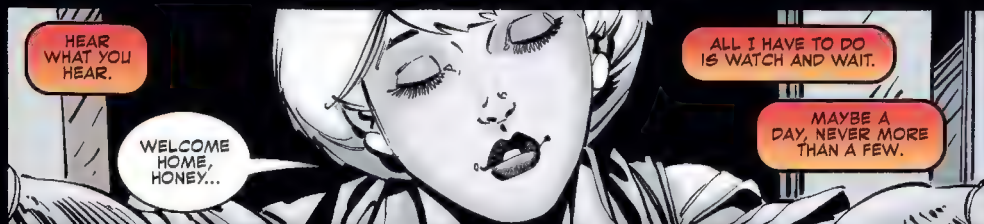
ONCE I PUT THE TOUCH ON YOU, I'M IN YOUR HEAD AND YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW I'M THERE.

IT DON'T MATTER HOW FAR AWAY FROM ME YOU GET.



IT DON'T MATTER HOW LONG IT'S BEEN SINCE I TOUCHED YOU.

I SEE WHAT YOU SEE.

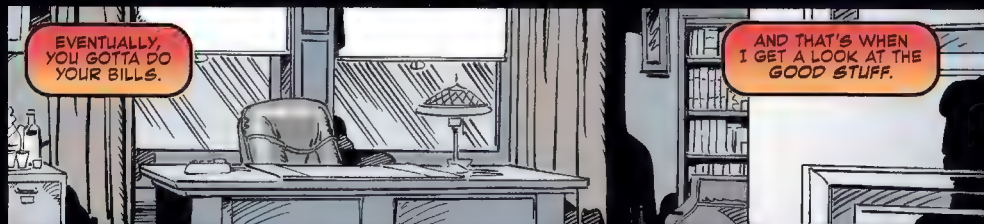


HEAR WHAT YOU HEAR.

WELCOME HOME, HONEY...

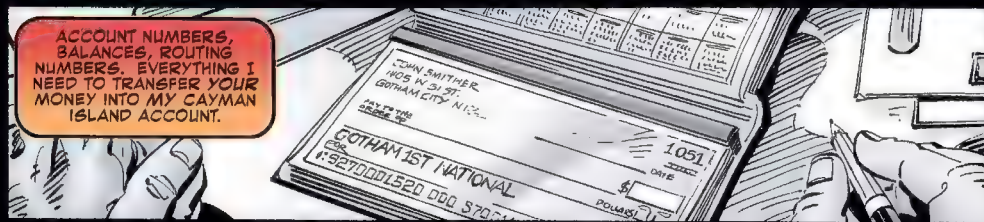
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WATCH AND WAIT.

MAYBE A DAY, NEVER MORE THAN A FEW.



EVENTUALLY, YOU GOTTA DO YOUR BILLS.

AND THAT'S WHEN I GET A LOOK AT THE GOOD STUFF.



ACCOUNT NUMBERS, BALANCES, ROUTING NUMBERS. EVERYTHING I NEED TO TRANSFER YOUR MONEY INTO MY CAYMAN ISLAND ACCOUNT.

AND YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU'VE BEEN HIT UNTIL THE CHECKS START BOUNCING.

THAT'S HOW IT ALWAYS WENT DOWN BEFORE. I MEAN, HUNDREDS OF TIMES.



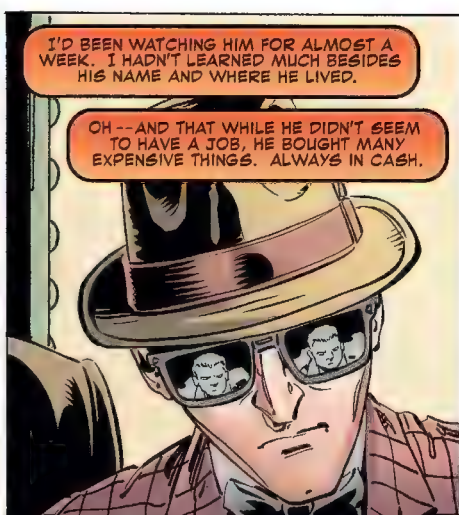




BUT THIS WAS DIFFERENT.

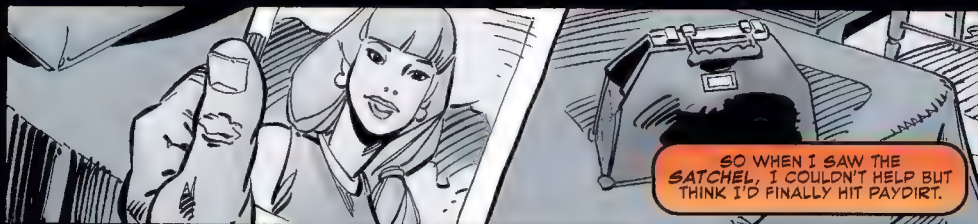
OH, EXCUSE ME.

NO PROBLEM.



I'D BEEN WATCHING HIM FOR ALMOST A WEEK. I HADN'T LEARNED MUCH BESIDES HIS NAME AND WHERE HE LIVED.

OH --AND THAT WHILE HE DIDN'T SEEM TO HAVE A JOB, HE BOUGHT MANY EXPENSIVE THINGS. ALWAYS IN CASH.



SO WHEN I SAW THE SATCHEL, I COULDN'T HELP BUT THINK I'D FINALLY HIT PAYDIRT.



THERE WAS CASH IN THAT BAG, I JUST KNEW IT.



HE WAS GOING TO TAKE IT SOMEWHERE. AND I WAS GOING TO STEAL IT.

AT LEAST, THAT WAS THE PLAN.



EXCUSE ME, MISS?

YES?

I'M TRYING TO FIND THE TURNPIKE.

HE WAS LYING.





HE KNOCKED  
HER OUT,  
GAGGED HER,  
TIED HER--



--AND STUFFED HER IN THE  
BACK OF HIS CAR, TO TAKE  
HER GOD-KNOWS-WHERE.



BUT WHILE GOD  
DIDN'T KNOW, I DID.



TAKE ME  
TO BEDFORD  
AND BAYVIEW,  
FAST!

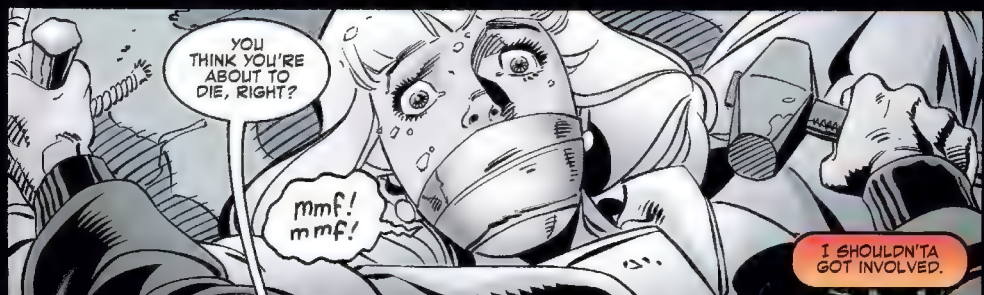
BAD  
PART OF TOWN,  
BUDDY. YOU DON'T  
WANT TO GO  
THERE.

I LIVE  
THERE. SHUT  
UP AND  
DRIVE.



IT WAS A  
STUPID LIE--  
NOBODY LIVES  
THERE. BUT MOST  
FOLKS ARE TOO  
POLITE TO ARGUE  
WITH A BLIND  
MAN.

ANYWAY, I NEEDED TO  
CONCENTRATE ON THE  
SIGHTS AND SOUNDS  
IN MY HEAD.

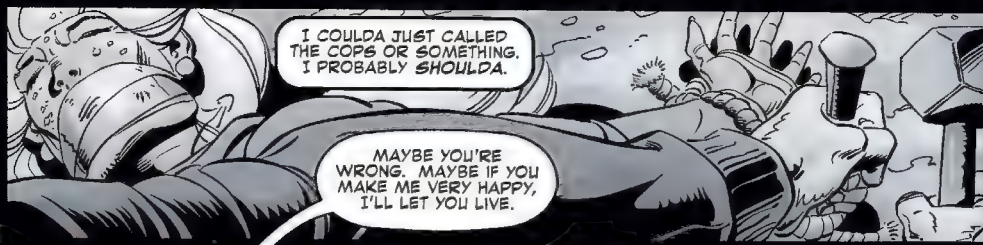


YOU  
THINK YOU'RE  
ABOUT TO  
DIE, RIGHT?

mmf!  
mmf!

I SHOULDN'TA  
GOT INVOLVED.





I COULDA JUST CALLED  
THE COPS OR SOMETHING.  
I PROBABLY SHOULD.

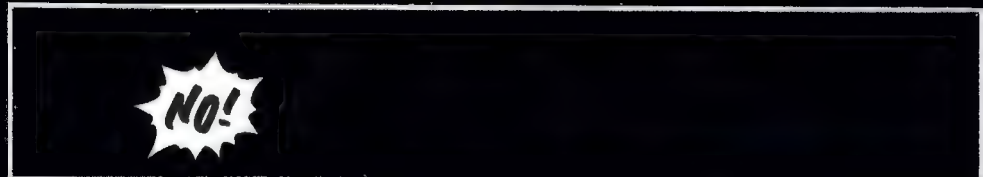
MAYBE YOU'RE  
WRONG. MAYBE IF YOU  
MAKE ME VERY HAPPY,  
I'LL LET YOU LIVE.



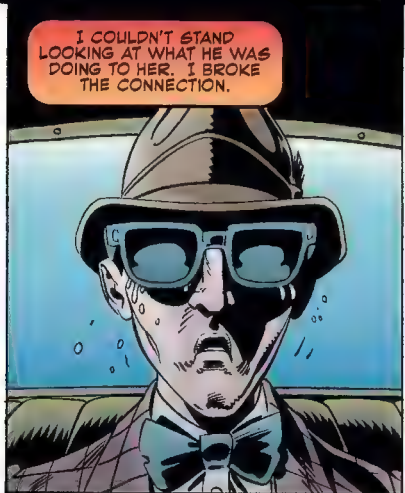
BUT IT  
WAS ALREADY  
TOO LATE.

NOW I  
KNEW WHAT  
HE HAD IN THE  
BAG, NOT  
MONEY, PAIN.

HE STARTED  
USING  
THE KNIFE ON  
HER...



**NO!**



I COULDN'T STAND  
LOOKING AT WHAT HE WAS  
DOING TO HER. I BROKE  
THE CONNECTION.



SO I WAS BLIND  
AGAIN, IN MY WAY.

WE'RE  
HERE. YOU  
OKAY BACK  
THERE?

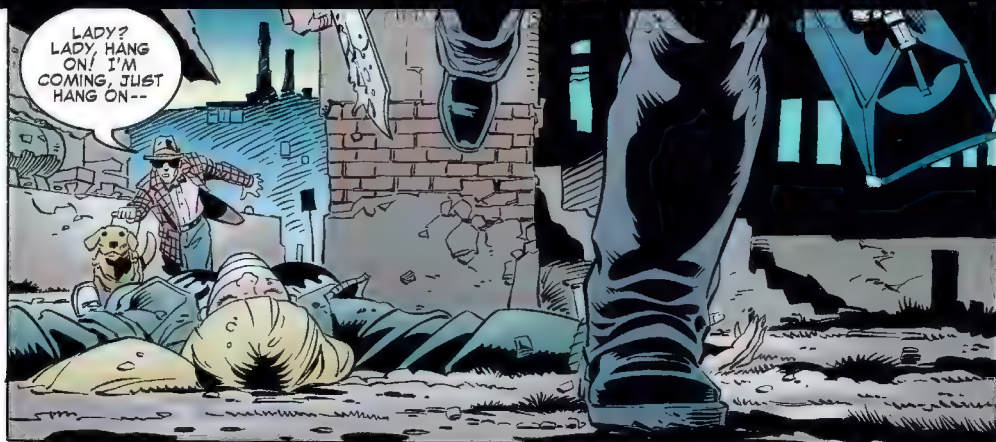
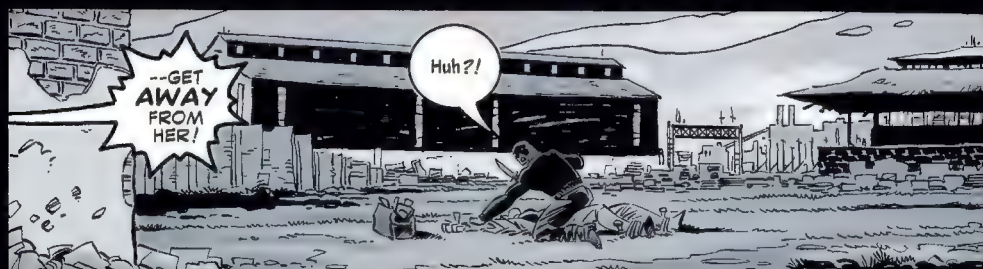
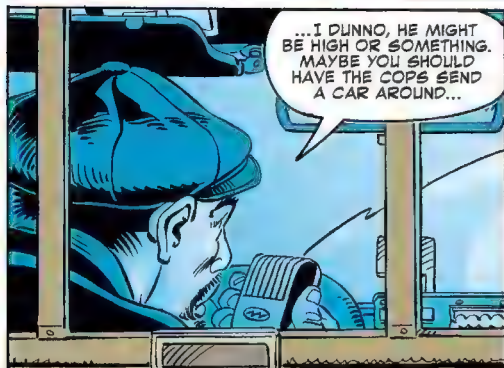
SOMETHING  
IN MY EYE.



I'D NEED TO BE ABLE  
TO SEE TO DO THIS, SO I  
TOUCHED MY CHARLIE.

YOU SURE  
YOU CAN  
MAKE OUT  
ALL RIGHT?

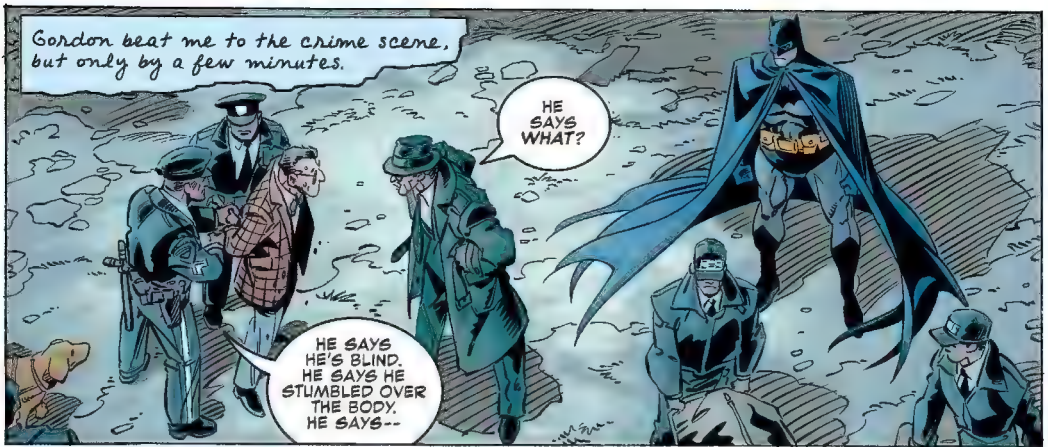


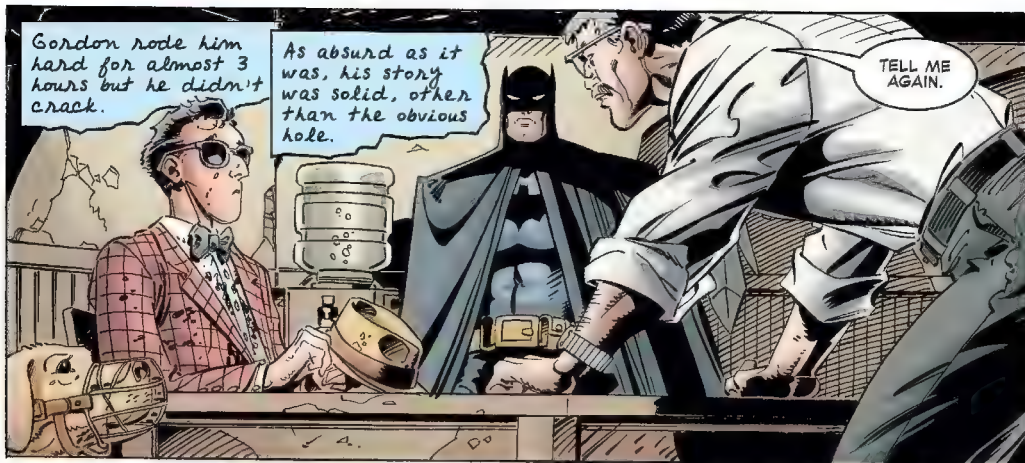




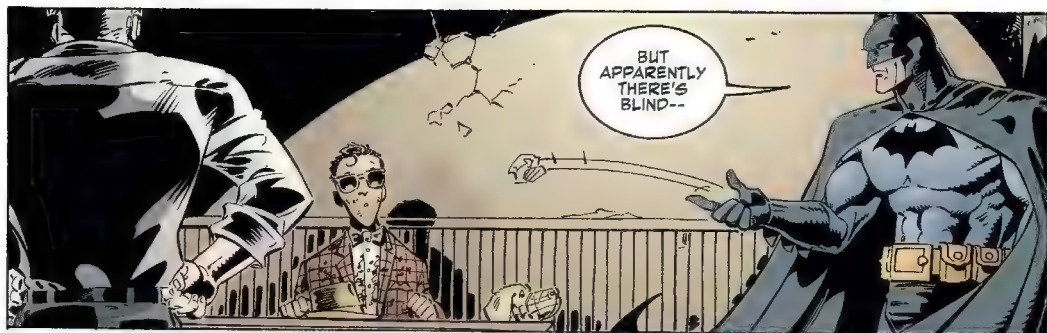






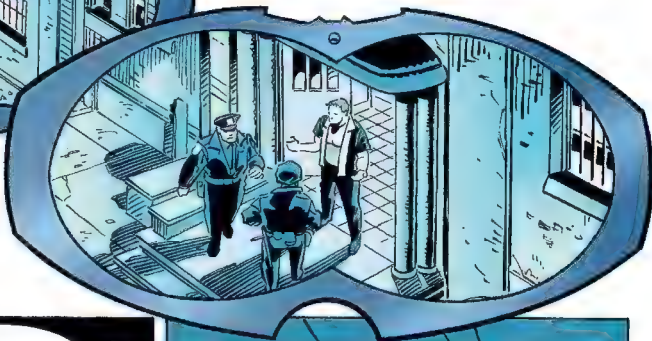








About an hour later, two patrol officers stopped by to give the suspect, a street punk named Eli Cross, a perfunctory interview.



Cross didn't have much of an alibi but the officers didn't push. There wasn't much of a case against him, either.

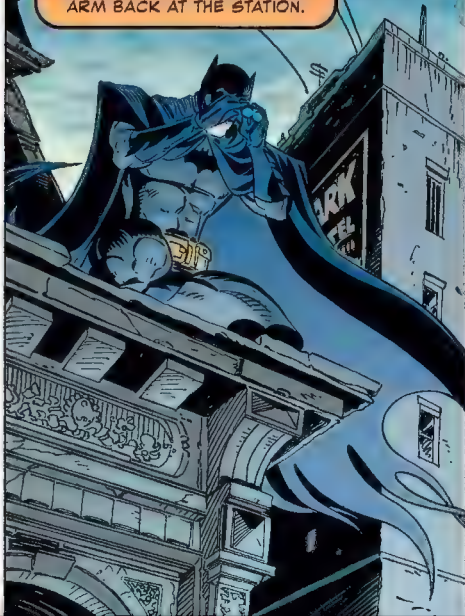
MY PATROLMEN CALLED IN. THE MAN YOU ACCUSED CAN ACCOUNT FOR HIS WHEREABOUTS AT THE TIME OF THE MURDER.

THEN WHY ARE YOU SMILING?

BECAUSE THAT'S NOT ALL I KNOW.

I KNOW.

BATMAN DIDN'T KNOW THAT I'D BEEN LOOKING OUT OF HIS EYES SINCE I GRABBED HIS ARM BACK AT THE STATION.



SO I ALREADY KNEW WHAT HE KNEW.

HE'D RUN ELI CROSS THROUGH MOTOR VEHICLES BEFORE HE LEFT THE PRECINCT. CROSS OWNS A LATE MODEL S.U.V.

DARK BLUE.



A HALF HOUR BEFORE THE COPS SHOWED, BATMAN SNUCK INTO HIS APARTMENT AND PLANTED MINIATURE CAMERAS AND MICROPHONES.

SO, WHEN THE COPS LEFT AND CROSS MADE A PHONE CALL, BATMAN WAS WATCHING.

WATCHING AND LISTENING...

IT'S ME. THE COPS WERE JUST HERE. THEY'RE ON TO ME, SOMEHOW.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID THE WITNESS WAS BLIND.

HE WORE DARK GLASSES, HE HAD A DOG. I THOUGHT HE WAS BLIND.

IF THEY REALLY HAD ANYTHING, THEY'D ARREST YOU. BUT I'LL FIND OUT WHAT THEY KNOW FROM THIS END--

--IN THE MEANTIME, YOU HAVE TO GO BACK TO WORK RIGHT AWAY. WE'VE GOT ANOTHER ORDER.

WE'LL BEGIN AT 4 P.M. YOU KNOW THE PROCEDURE.

I DUNNO, MAN--YOU SURE IT'S SAFE?


SAFER THAN PISSING ME OFF.

IN YOUR DREAMS.




BATMAN LEFT AFTER THAT.  
I KEPT WATCHING HIM.

HE JUMPED OFF THE  
ROOF AND SWUNG DOWN  
TO HIS CAR LIKE IT WAS  
NOTHING! IT HADDA  
BE FIVE STORIES.




THEN HE FIRED UP THE  
BATMOBILE'S BIG  
ENGINES AND TOOK OFF  
LIKE A BAT OUTTA...

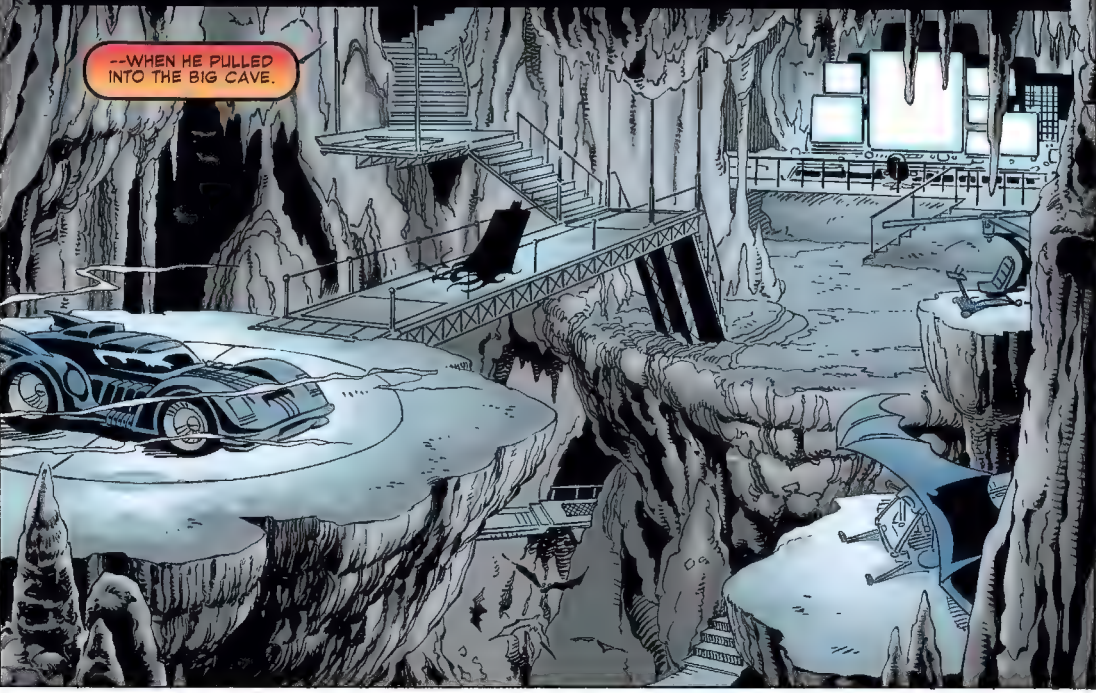
YOU KNOW.  
FAST.



SO FAST I COULDN'T  
MAKE OUT WHERE HE  
WENT INTO HIS SECRET  
TUNNEL. PROBABLY MORE  
THAN ONE, ANYWAY.

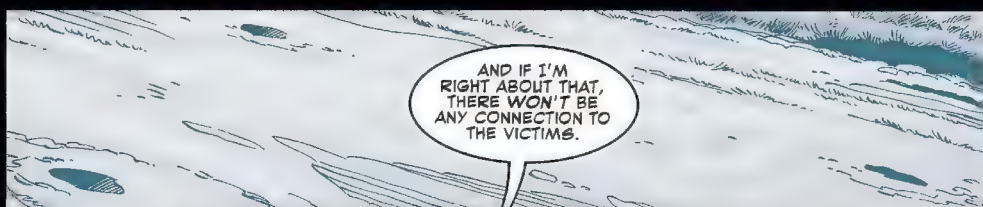
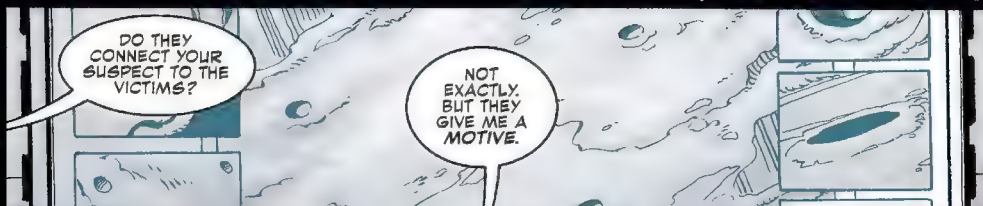
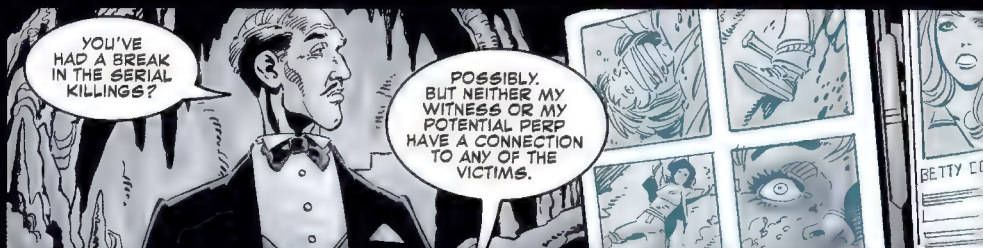
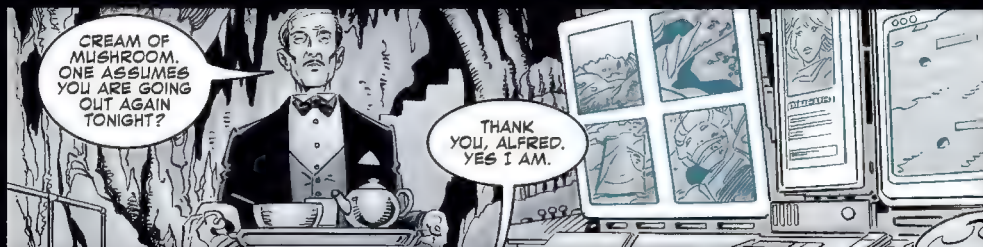
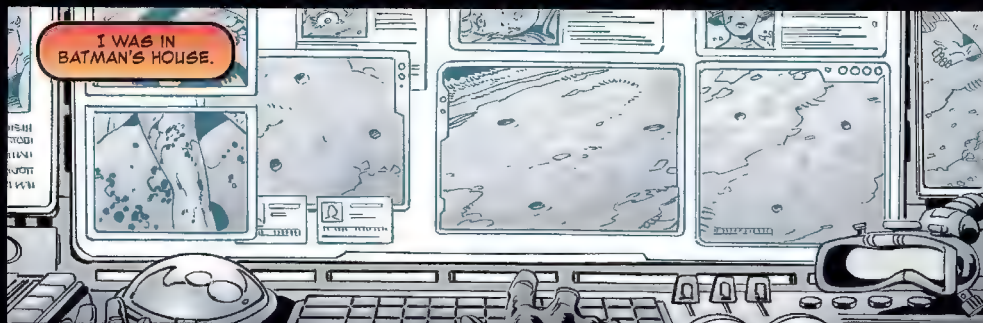


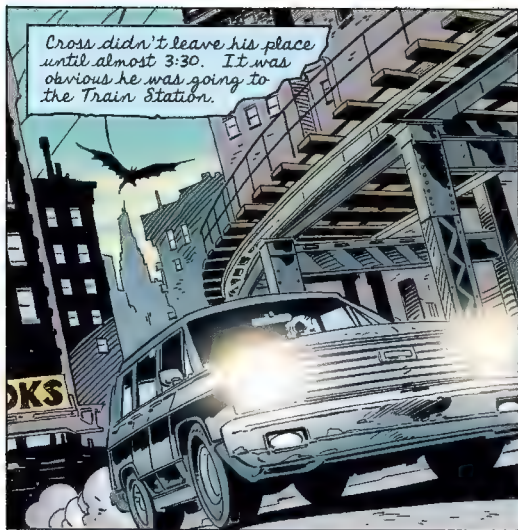
IT WAS SO DARK IN  
THERE, I COULDN'T MAKE  
OUT MUCH OF ANYTHING  
UNTIL ABOUT TEN MINUTES  
LATER--



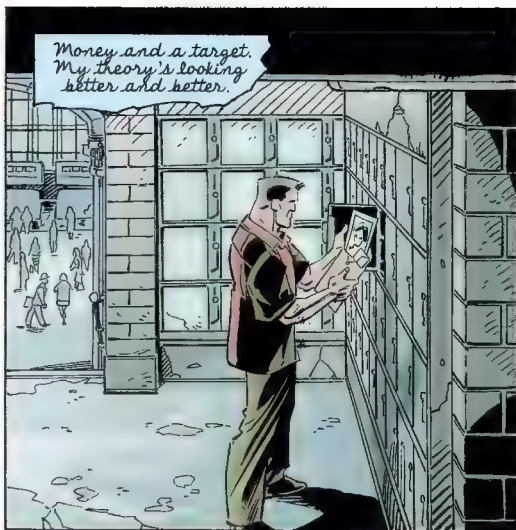
--WHEN HE PULLED  
INTO THE BIG CAVE.







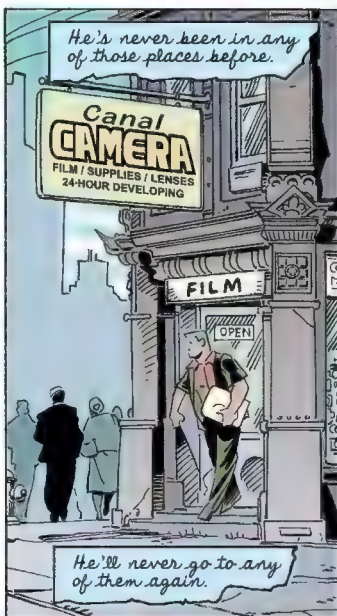
Cross didn't leave his place until almost 3:30. It was obvious he was going to the Train Station.



Money and a target. My theory's looking better and better.



He's buying supplies, in cash, from random stores.



He's never been in any of those places before.



He's not leaving a trail. And he's destroying his evidence after each crime.

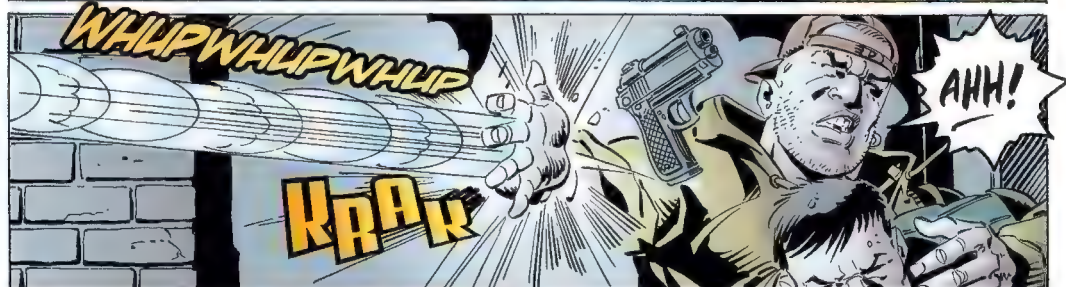


But that's fine. This time, there'll be a witness. I'll catch him red—

ALL UNITS, 10-30, ROBBERY IN PROGRESS AT MAIN AND GIBLALTAR.

Two blocks from here. Hate to break off my tail. But unless there's a squad car nearby...

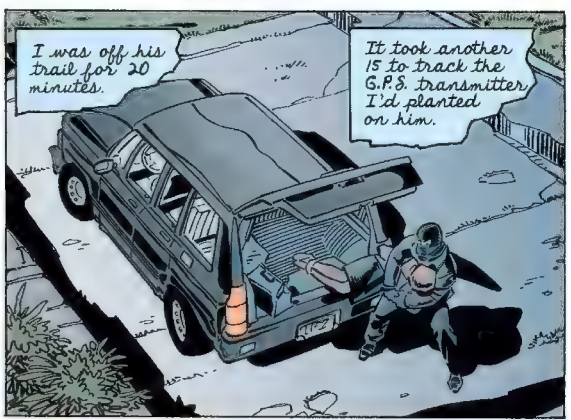








That didn't take TOO long. With any luck, Cross is still but buying duct tape.



I was off his trail for 20 minutes.

It took another 15 to track the G.P.S. transmitter I'd planted on him.



Plenty of time for him to put his plan in motion.

I'M GOING TO TAKE OFF YOUR GAG NOW. I WANT TO HEAR YOU SCREAM.

mannf!



But not NEARLY enough time for him to succeed.

PUT DOWN THE KNIFE.

WHAT--?

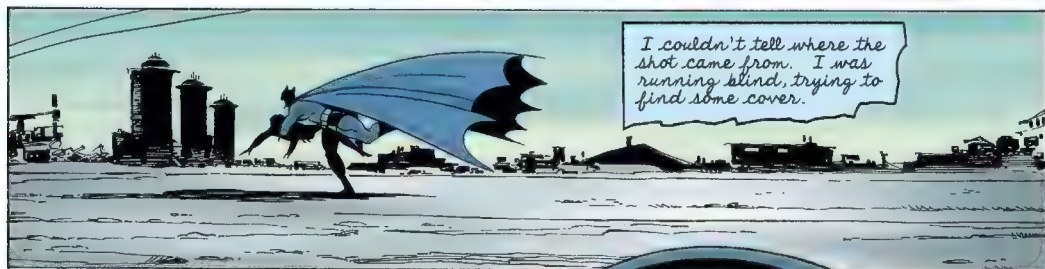
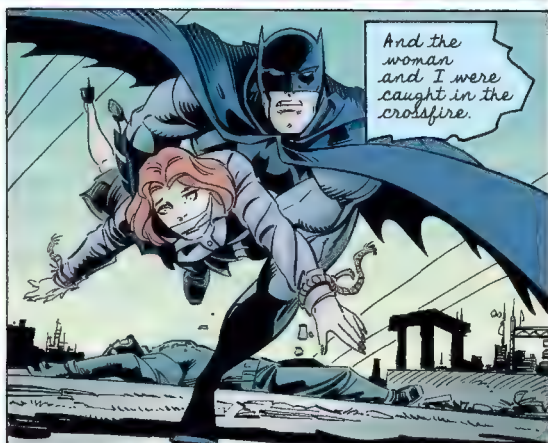


PUT DOWN THE KNIFE AND STEP AWAY FROM THE WOMAN.

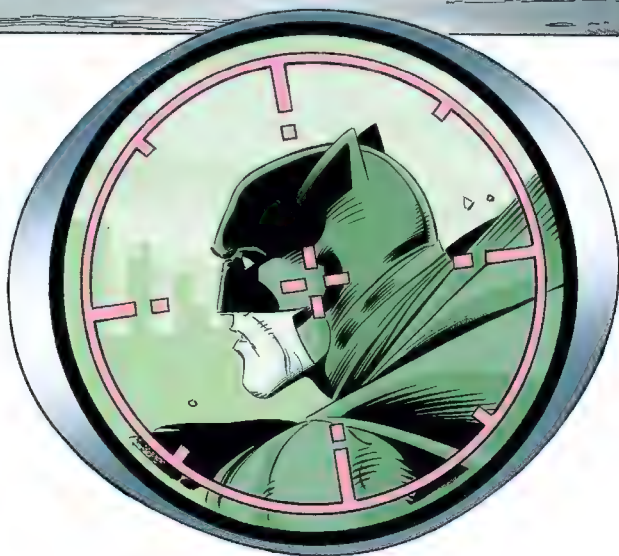
STAY BACK! I'LL KILL YOU!

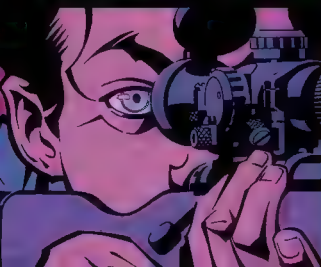
Another second and he'd be disarmed.





Fast as I am, I only had moments before the sniper could line up another shot...







VIP!  
VIP!

*It wasn't  
all bad news.*

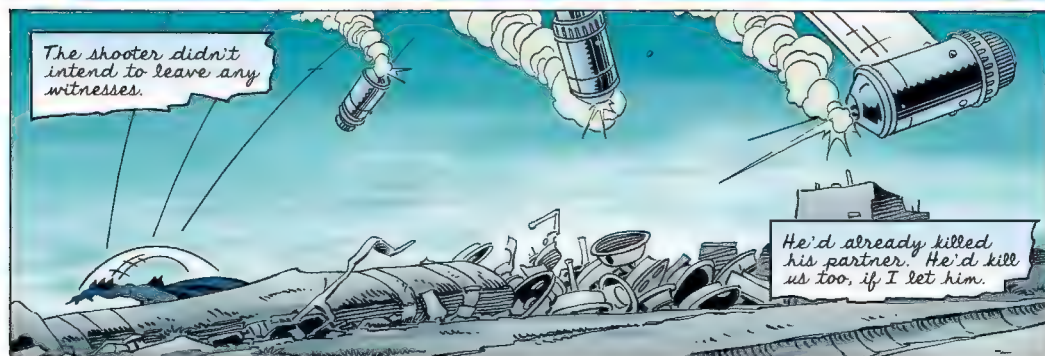
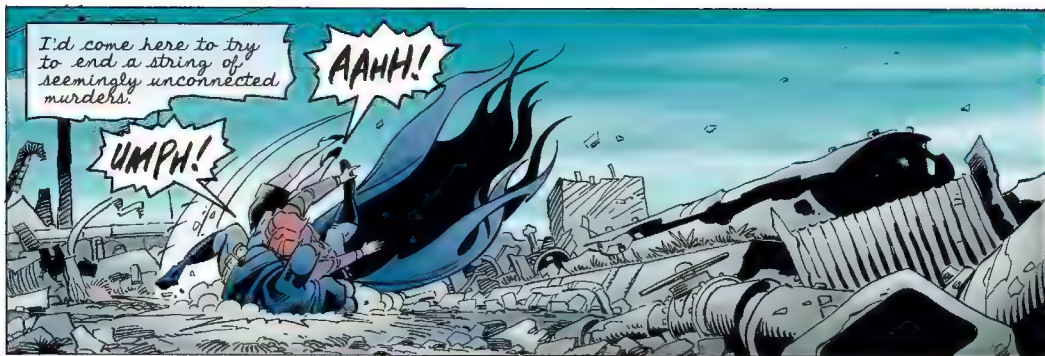
*Usually when  
I start getting  
shot at, it  
means I'm on  
to something.*

*My theory  
was good  
enough to  
save this  
woman's life.*

# BLINK

## Part 2

Dwayne McDuffie / writer • Val Semeiks / penciller  
Dan Green / inker • James Sinclair / colorist  
Kurt Hathaway / letterer • Digital Chameleon / separations  
Andy Helfer / editor  
Batman created by Bob Kane





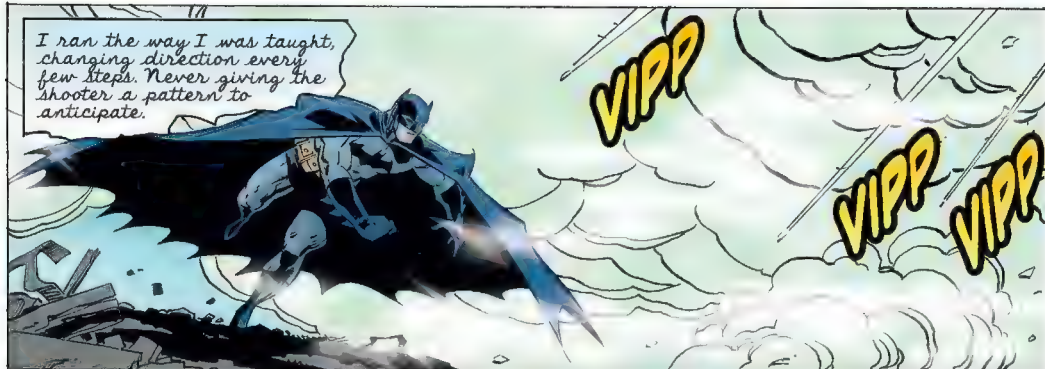


But if I was going to get this guy, I needed some cover.

**BLAM!**

**BLAM!**

**BLAM!**



I ran the way I was taught, changing direction every few steps. Never giving the shooter a pattern to anticipate.

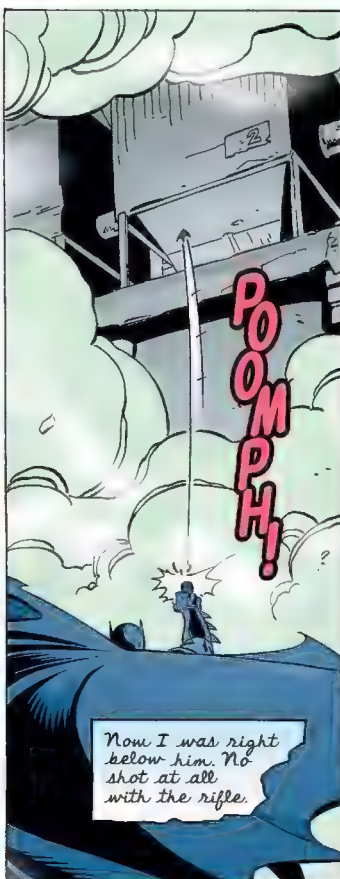
**VIPP**

**VIPP VIPP**



I was counting on the limited field of vision of the sniper's scope to keep me out of his sights.

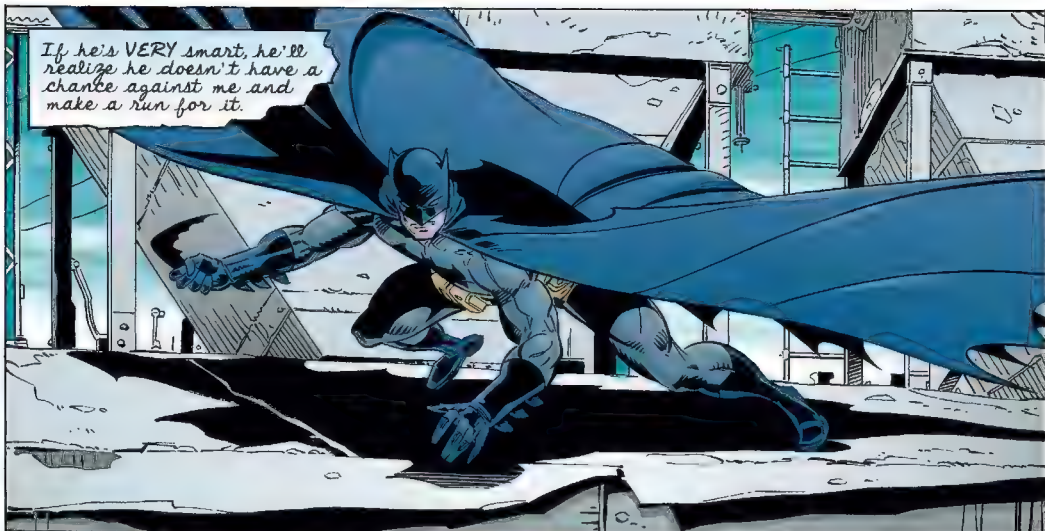
And the closer I got, the worse the shooter's angle.



Now I was right below him. No shot at all with the rifle.



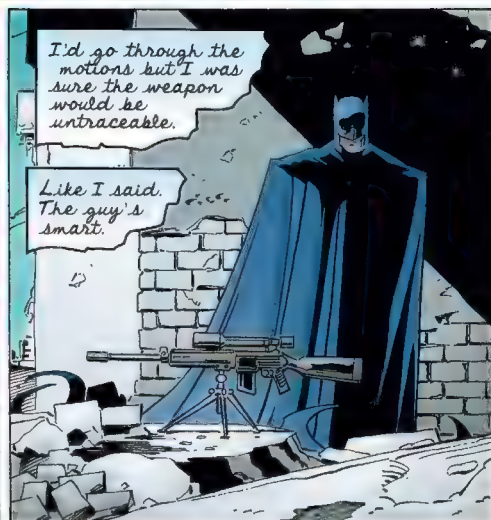
If he's a little smart, he'll drop the rifle and try to pick me off with a handgun.



If he's VERY smart, he'll realize he doesn't have a chance against me and make a run for it.



Gone.



I'd go through the motions but I was sure the weapon would be untraceable.

Like I said. The guy's smart.



But so am I.

My theory of the case was looking better and better.

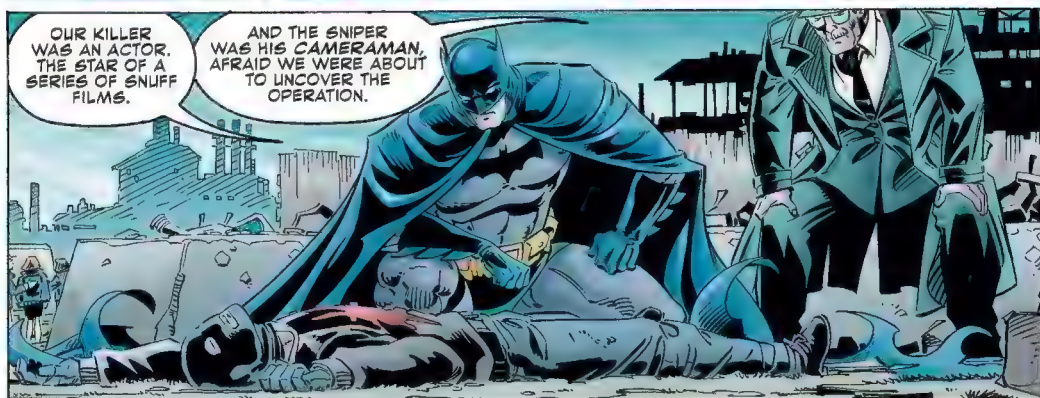


Unfortunately, that meant the killing was far from over.

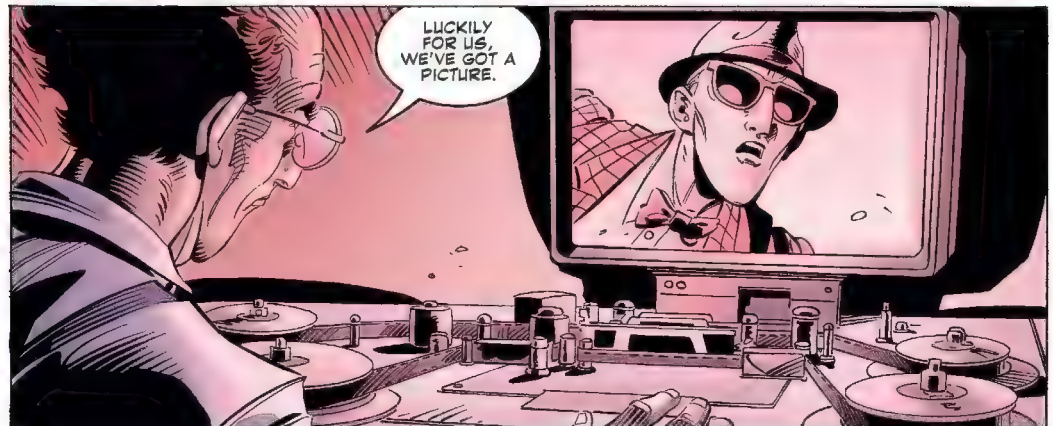
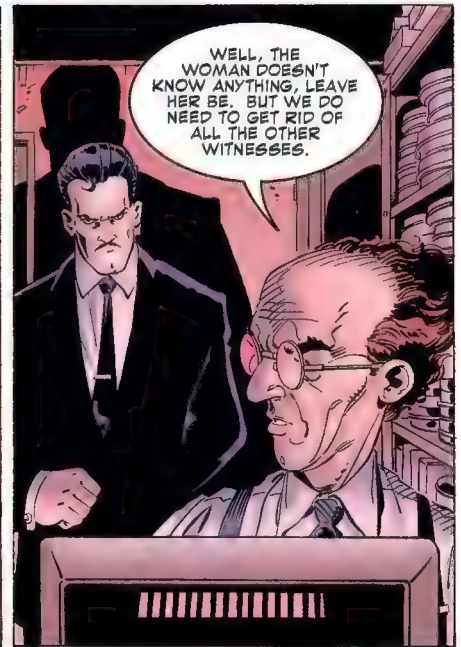
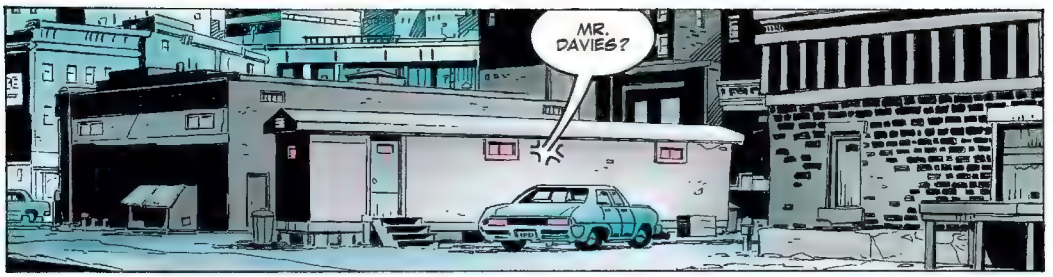




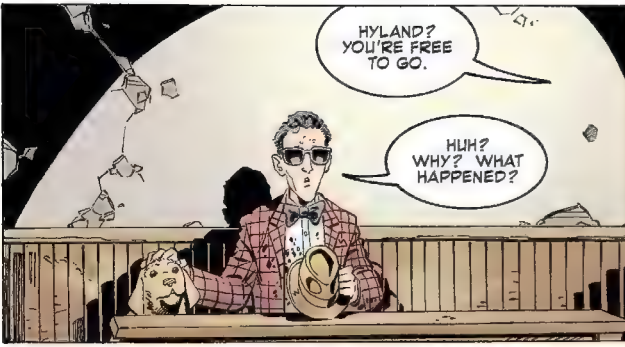












HYLAND?  
YOU'RE FREE  
TO GO.

HUH?  
WHY? WHAT  
HAPPENED?



YOU TELL ME, YOU'RE  
THE PSYCHIC.

I'M  
NOT A  
PSYCHIC,  
I--

NEVER MIND.  
HOW DO I GET  
TO THE  
STREET?



WANT A  
PATROL CAR  
TO TAKE YOU  
HOME?

NAH, THE  
DOG NEEDS  
A WALK.  
ANYWAY,  
I'VE HAD  
ENOUGH  
HOSPITALITY  
FROM THE  
COPS TODAY.



I THOUGHT YOU  
WERE GUILTY. I  
STILL DON'T  
UNDERSTAND HOW  
A BLIND MAN  
WITNESSED A  
MURDER.

HE CAN  
SEE  
THROUGH  
THE DOG'S  
EYES.



BATMAN?

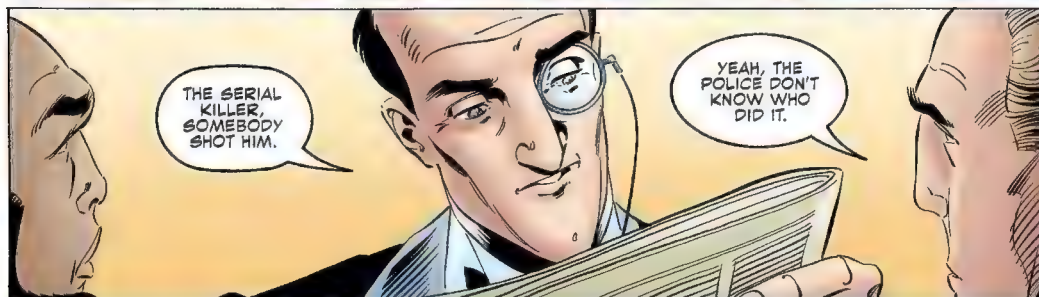
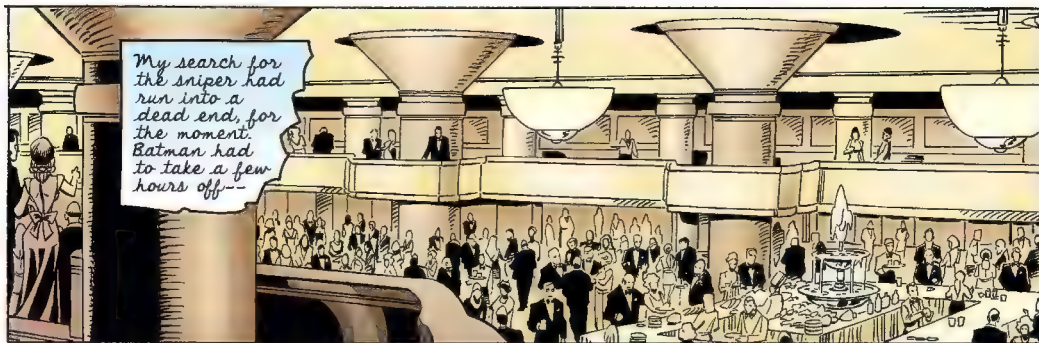
"SEE  
THROUGH HIS  
EYES"? WHERE  
DO YOU GET THAT?

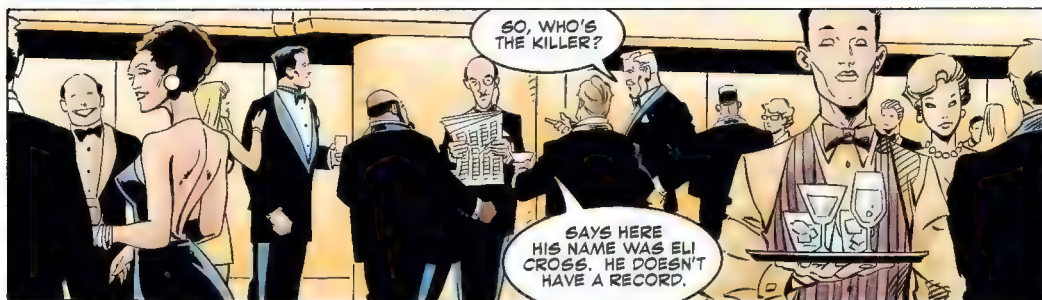






















QUIET,  
CHARLIE!  
WHAT'S  
WRONG WITH  
YOU?

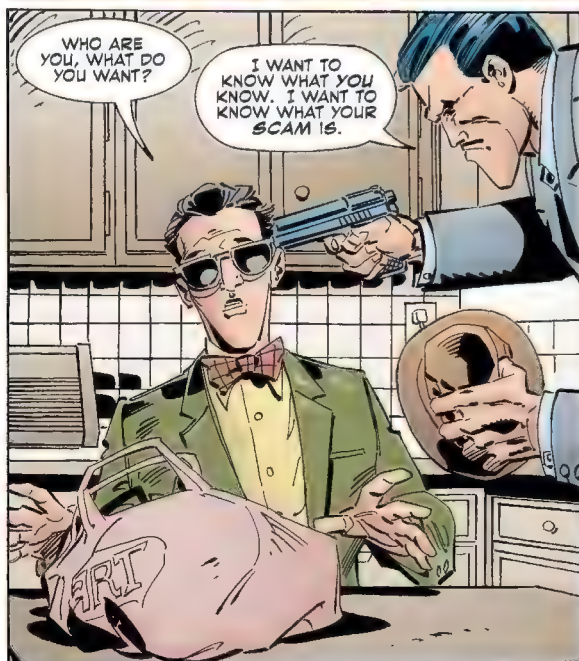


MY GUESS?  
HE SMELLED ME.  
TAKE A LOAD OFF,  
MR. HYLAND. I'M  
POINTING A GUN  
AT YOU.



KEEP YOUR ANIMAL  
UNDER CONTROL. I'D  
HATE TO HAVE TO  
SHOOT A DOG.

HEEL,  
CHARLIE!

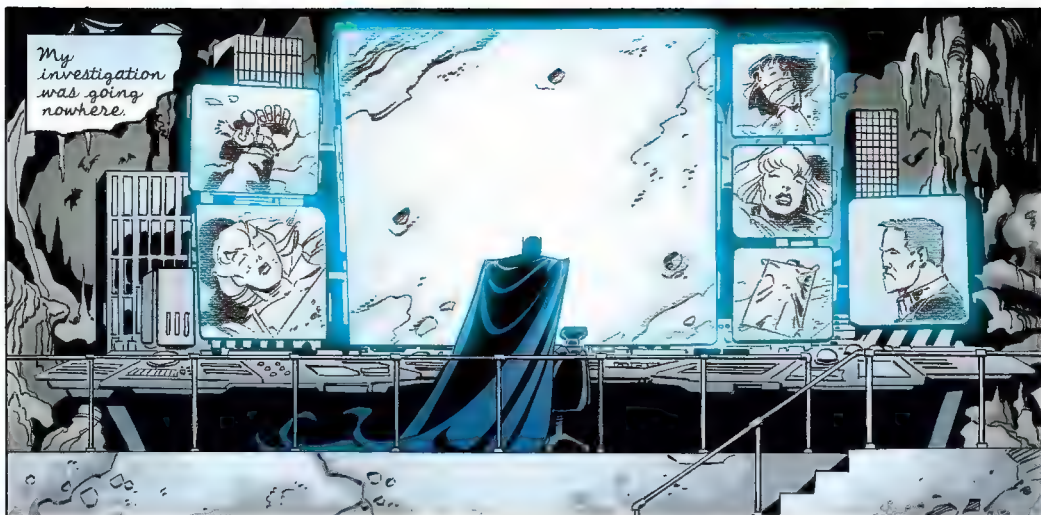


WHO ARE  
YOU, WHAT DO  
YOU WANT?

I WANT TO  
KNOW WHAT YOU  
KNOW. I WANT TO  
KNOW WHAT YOUR  
SCAM IS.



EXACTLY  
HOW IS IT  
THAT A BLIND MAN  
WITNESSES A  
MURDER?



My investigation was going nowhere.



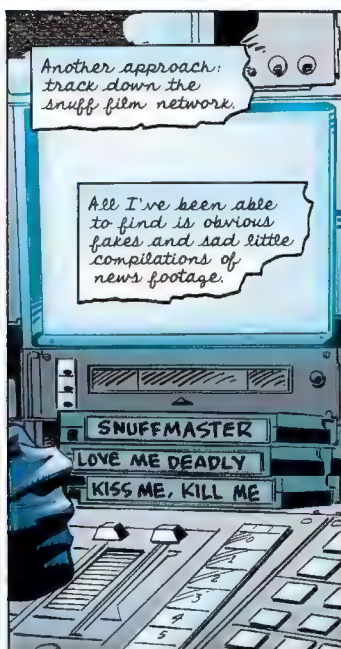
As I'd assumed, forensics on the sniper's weapon turned up nothing.

Dead end.



Cross had no previous criminal record. A canvass of his associates hasn't turned up anything, either.

He doesn't even appear to know any criminals.



Another approach: track down the snuff film network.

All I've been able to find is obvious fakes and sad little compilations of news footage.



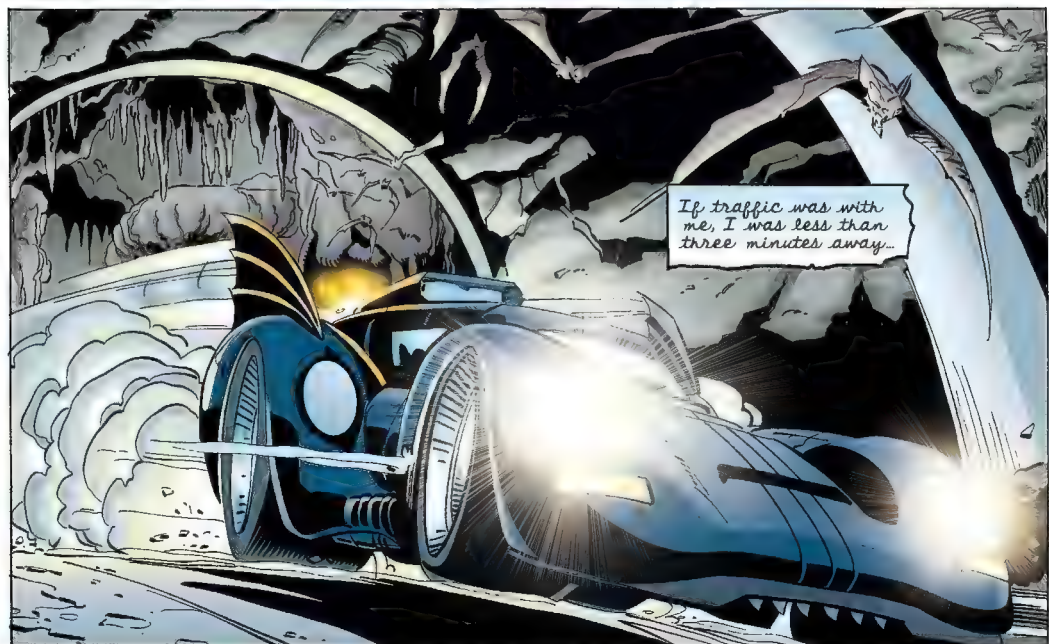
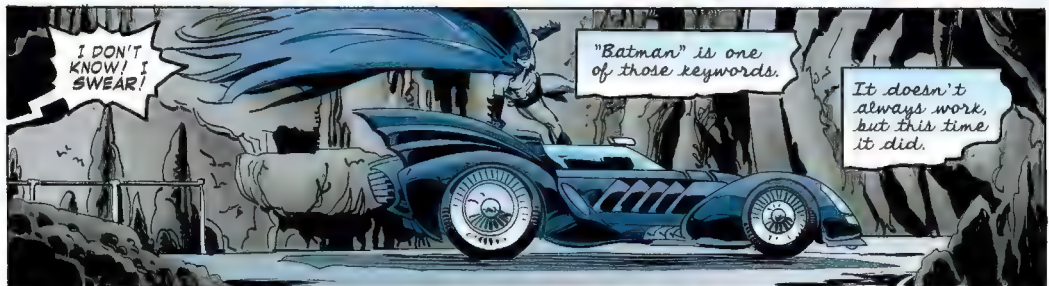
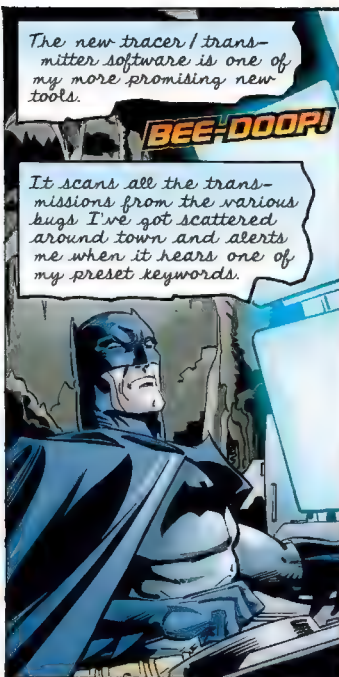
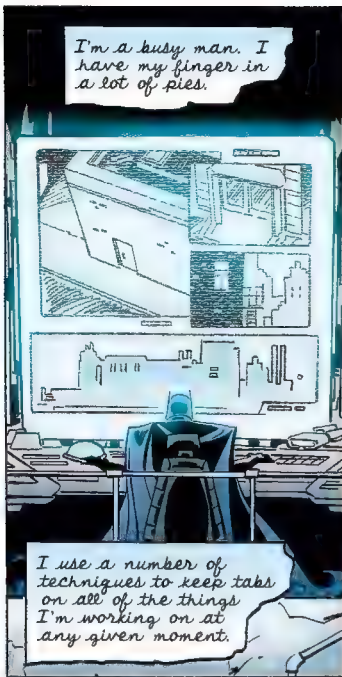
The real stuff is out there, but I haven't been able to crack their network.

Patience and persistence. Something will break.

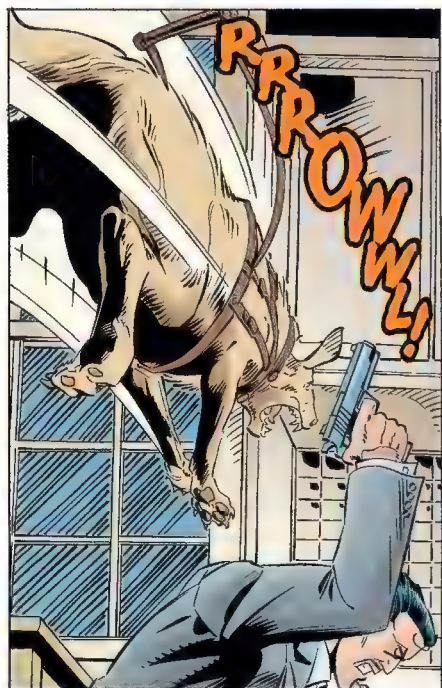
It always does.



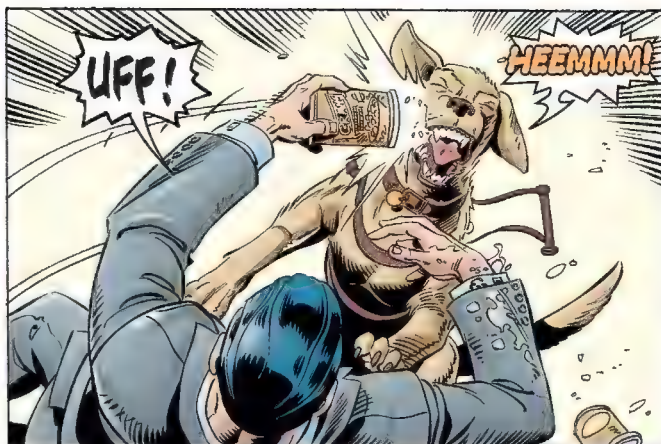




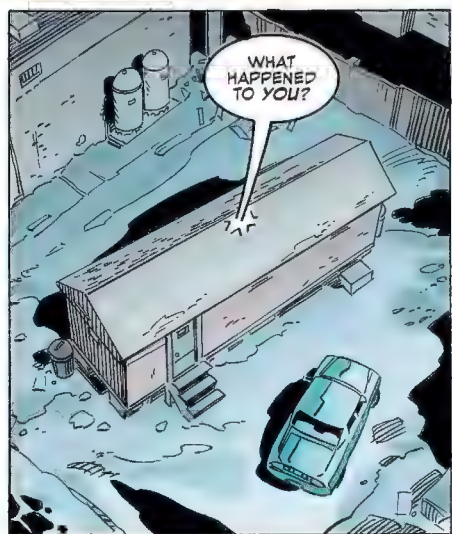


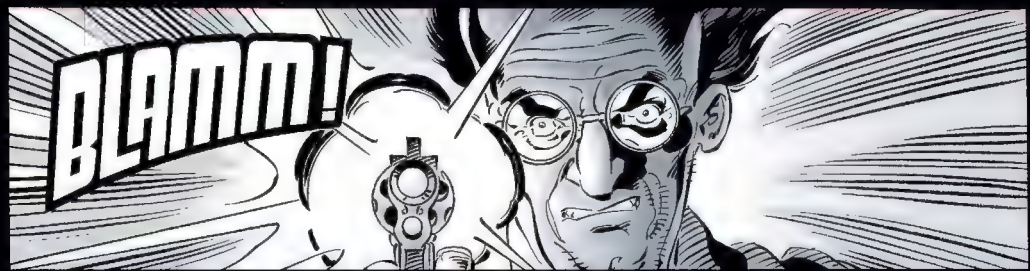
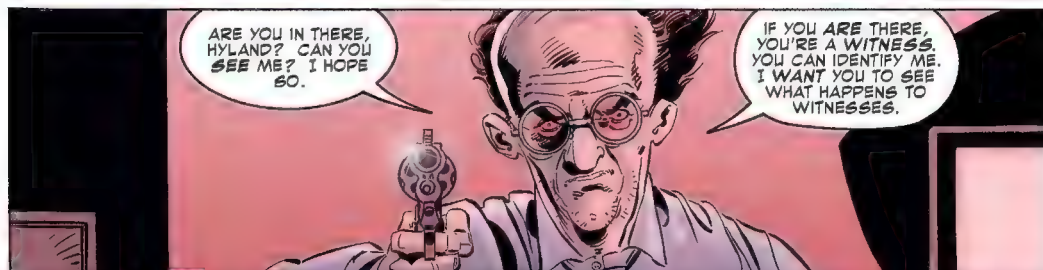
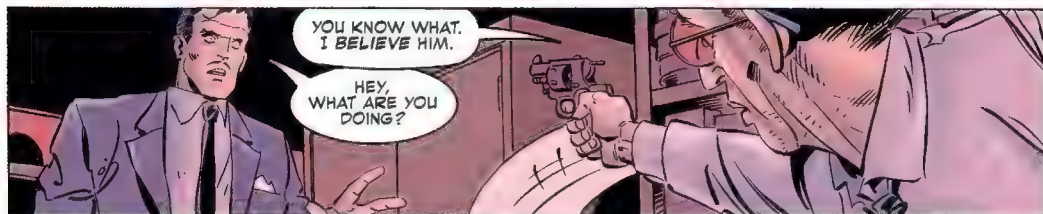
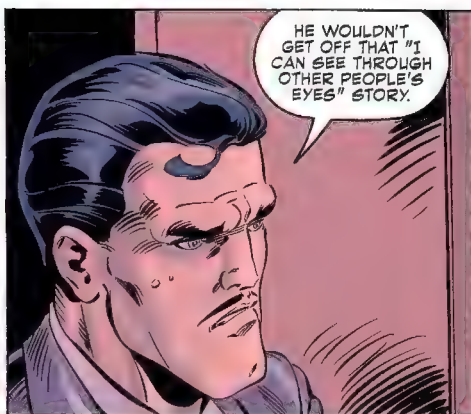
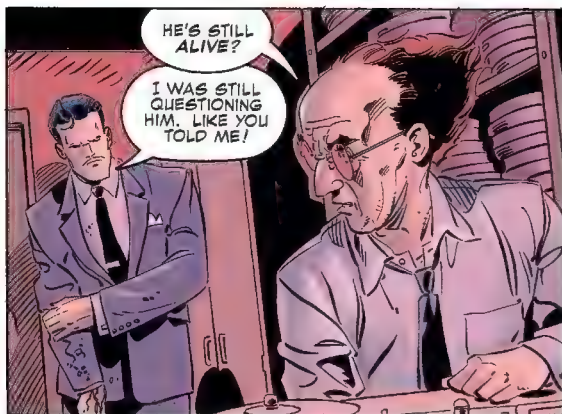


















I'VE NEVER KILLED ANYONE BEFORE. IT'S EASIER THAN YOU'D THINK.

GOOD THING. 'CAUSE IF I WANT TO STAY OUT OF JAIL, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO DO IT AGAIN.

THERE'S A WITNESS, A LOOSE END WHO COULD TIE ME TO THIS...UNPLEASANTNESS.

NOTHING PERSONAL, BUT I LIKE MY FREEDOM.

LEE HYLAND HAS TO DIE.





BUT FIRST, I'VE GOT SOME EVIDENCE TO DISPOSE OF.

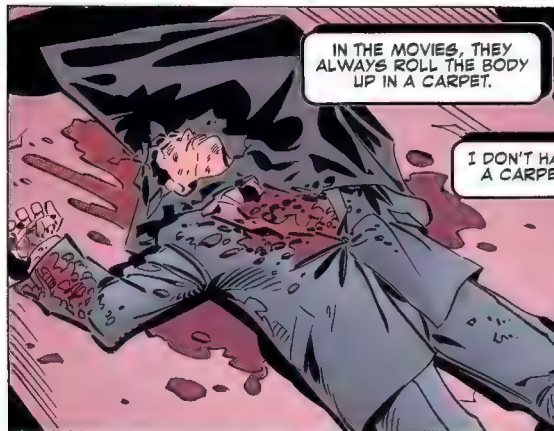
WISH I HAD SOME RUBBER GLOVES...



DAMN IT!

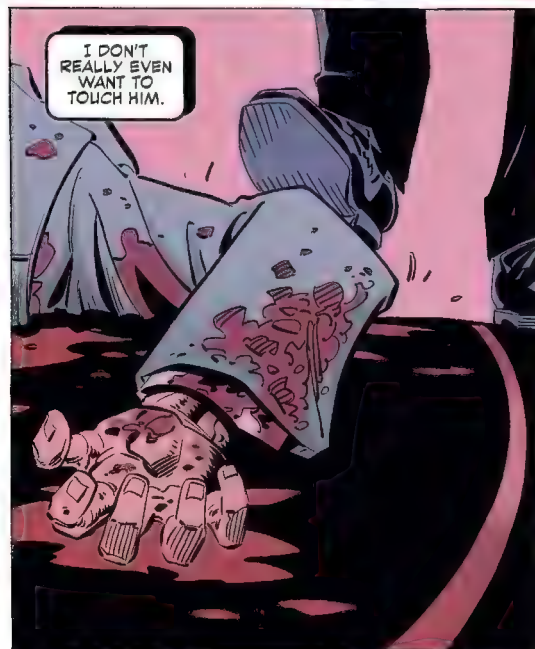
THIS ISN'T GOING TO WORK.

RR-RRP



IN THE MOVIES, THEY ALWAYS ROLL THE BODY UP IN A CARPET.

I DON'T HAVE A CARPET.



I DON'T REALLY EVEN WANT TO TOUCH HIM.



AND, NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT, MAYBE I DON'T HAVE TO.

MR. CARMICHAEL? THIS IS DAVIES...

Lee Hyland is blind,  
but somehow he can  
see through the eyes  
of others.

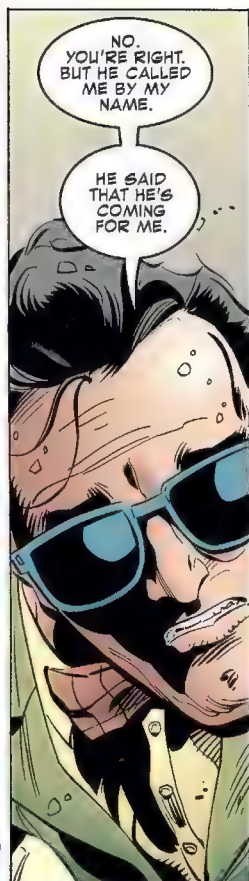
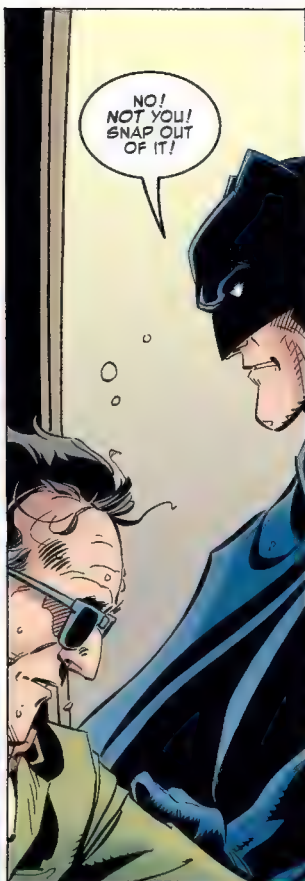
**NOOOO!**

Sometimes he  
doesn't like  
what he sees.

**BLINK**  
CONCLUSION

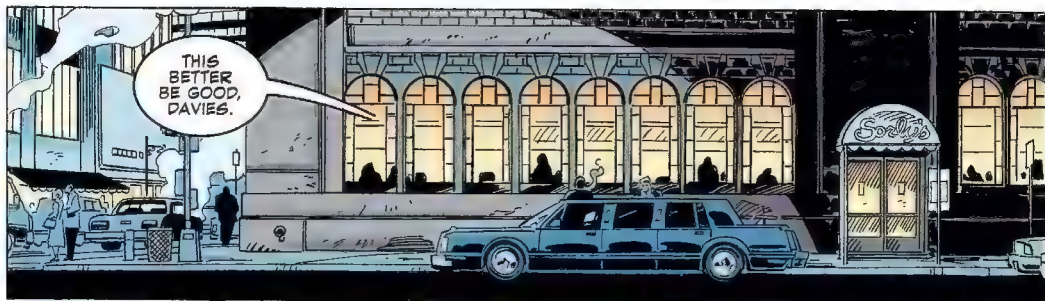
Dwayne McDuffie / writer • Val Semeiks / penciller • Dan Green / inker  
James Sinclair / colorist • K. Hathaway / letterer • Digital Chameleon / separator  
Harvey Richards / ass't editor • Andy Helfer / editor  
Batman created by Bob Kane

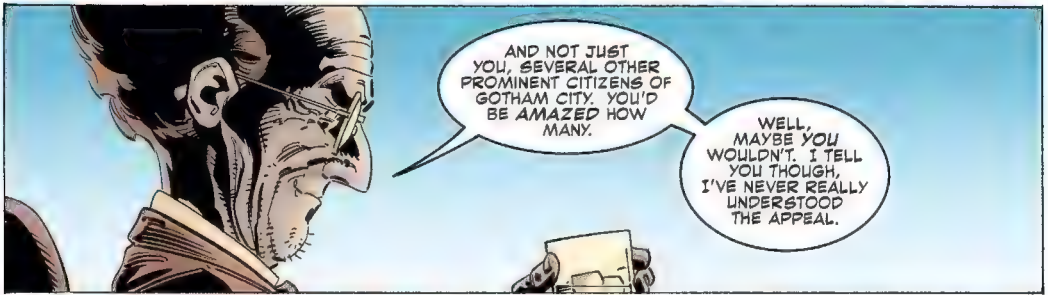
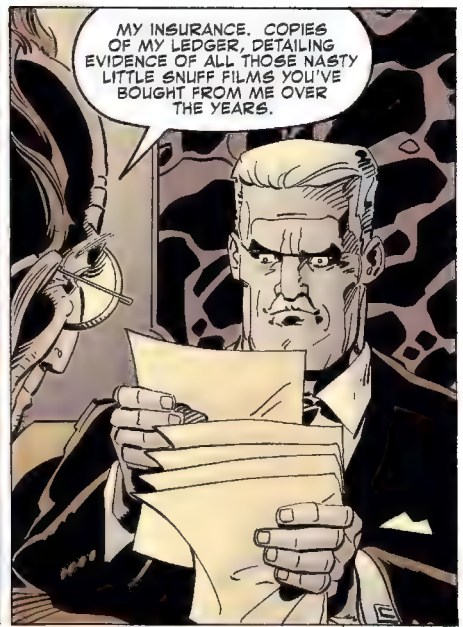




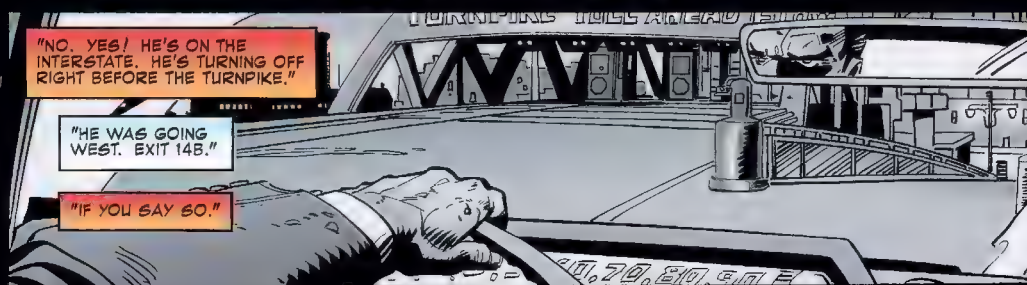
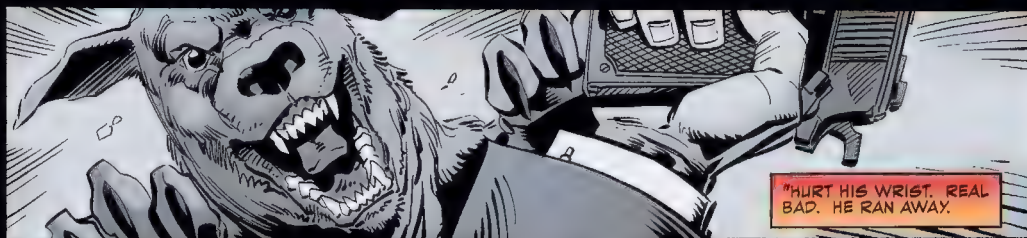


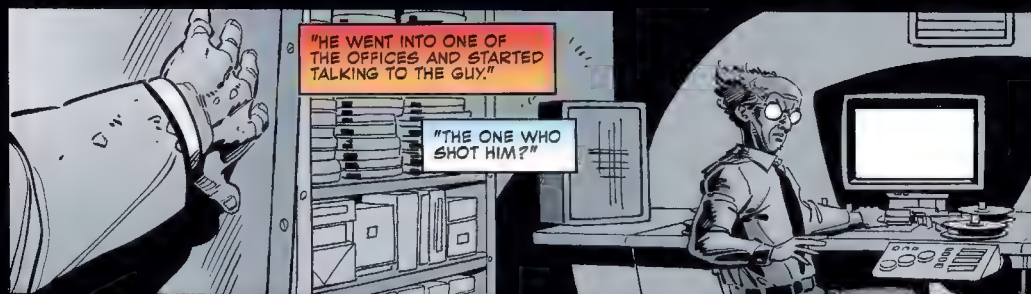




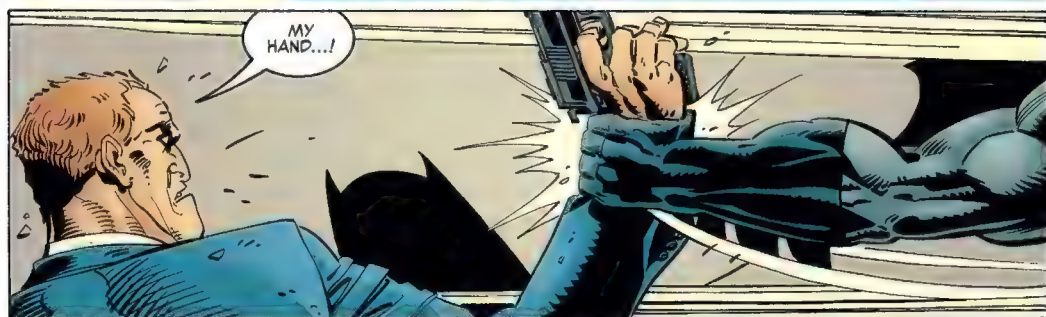














Maybe a little  
fresh air...



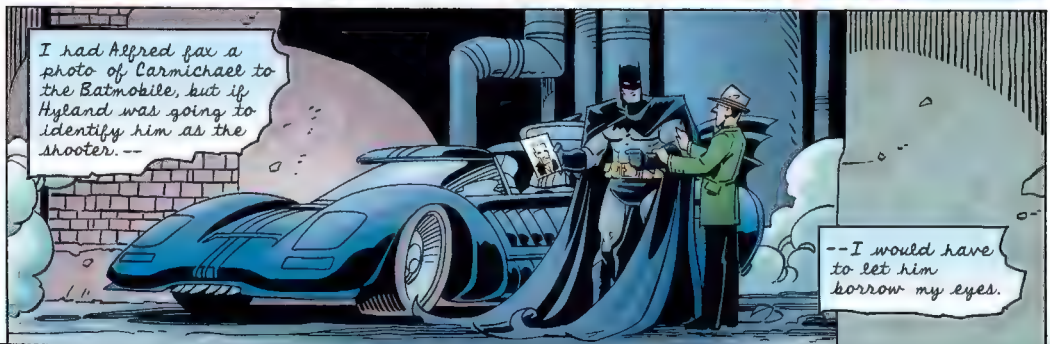
OH GOD,  
OH GOD, OH  
GOD...

THIS IS THE  
PART WHERE  
YOU TELL ME  
EXACTLY WHO  
HIRED YOU.

C-CARMICHAEL!



RICHARD  
CARMICHAEL?



I had Alfred fax a  
photo of Carmichael to  
the Batmobile, but if  
Hyland was going to  
identify him as the  
shooter. --

--I would have  
to let him  
borrow my eyes.



SORRY,  
BATMAN.  
IT'S NOT  
HIM.

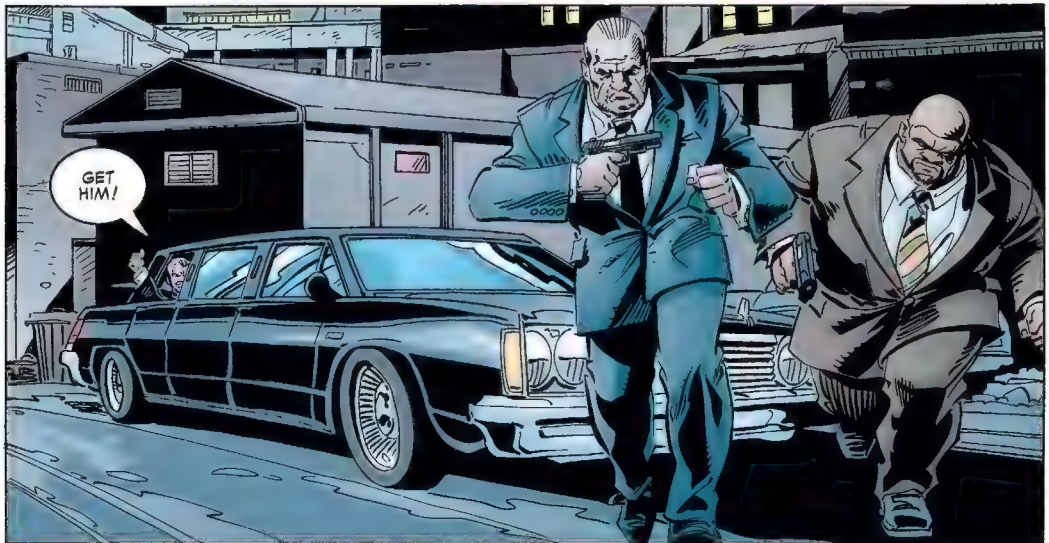
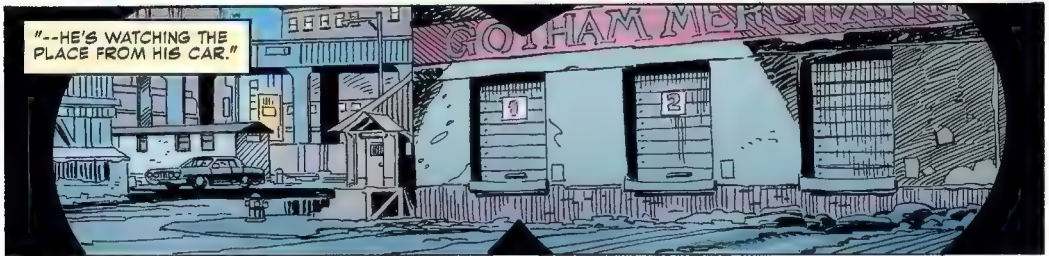
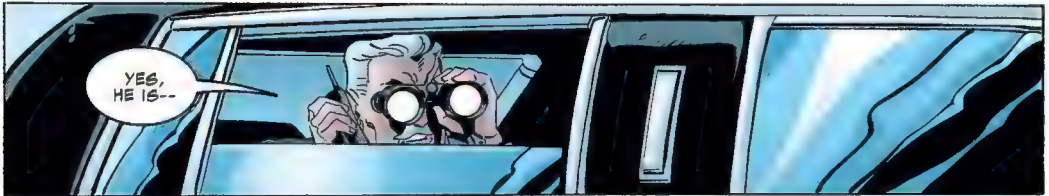
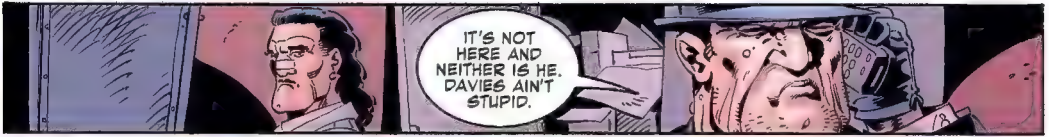
Back to  
"plan A" --



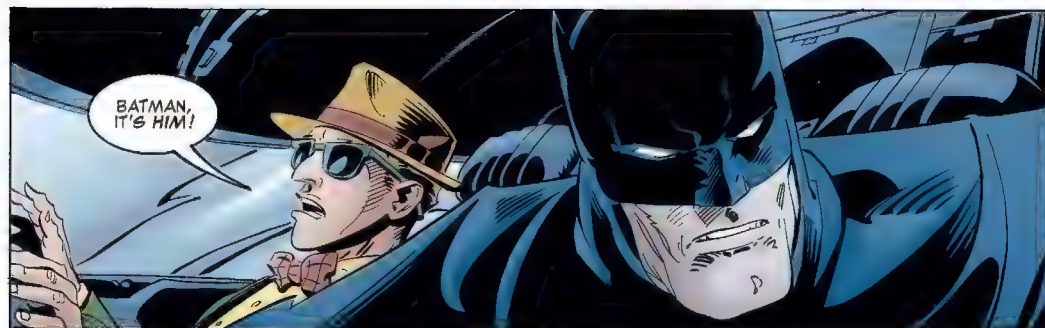
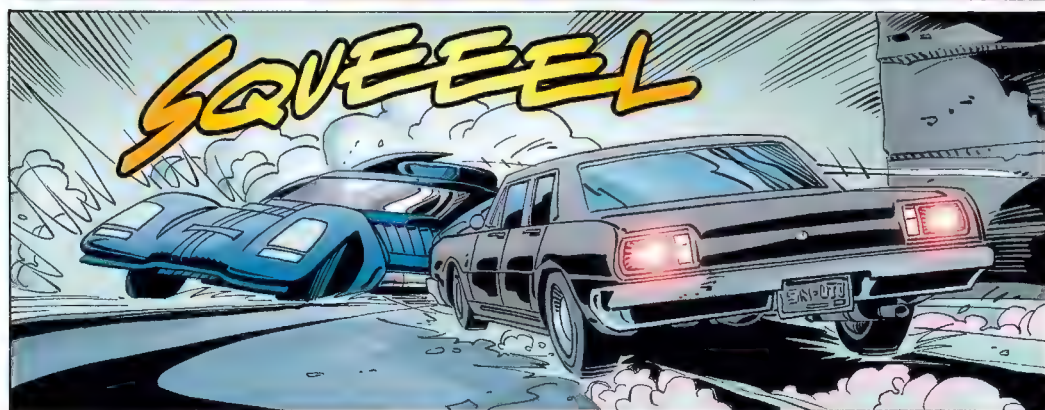
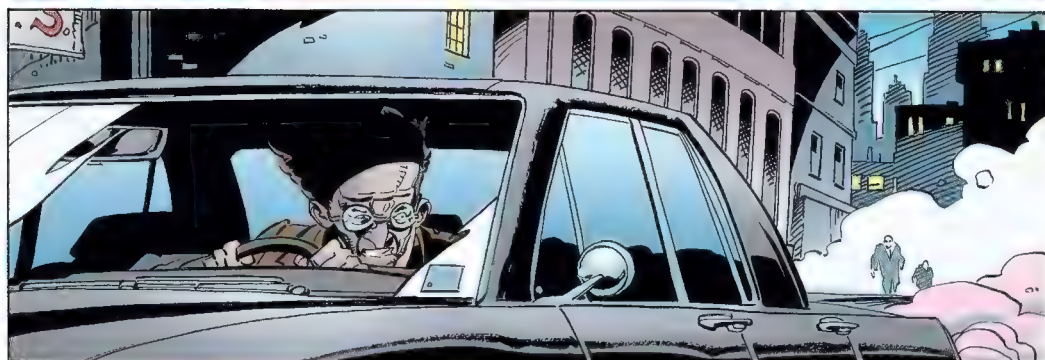
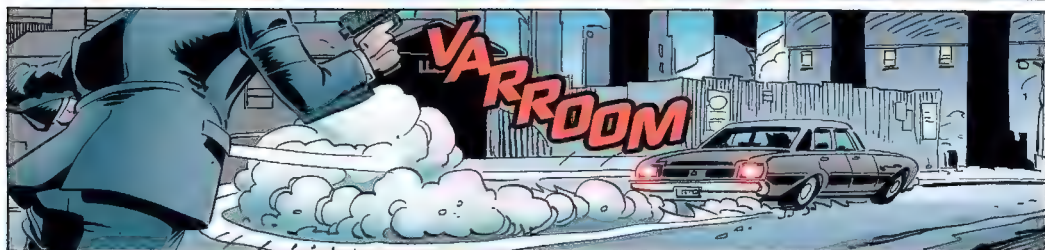
-- track down  
the office building  
Hyland saw.

YOU'LL  
HAVE TO  
COME WITH  
ME.











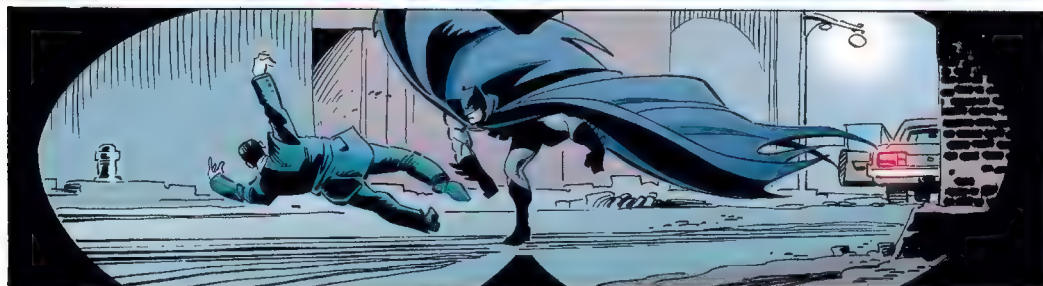




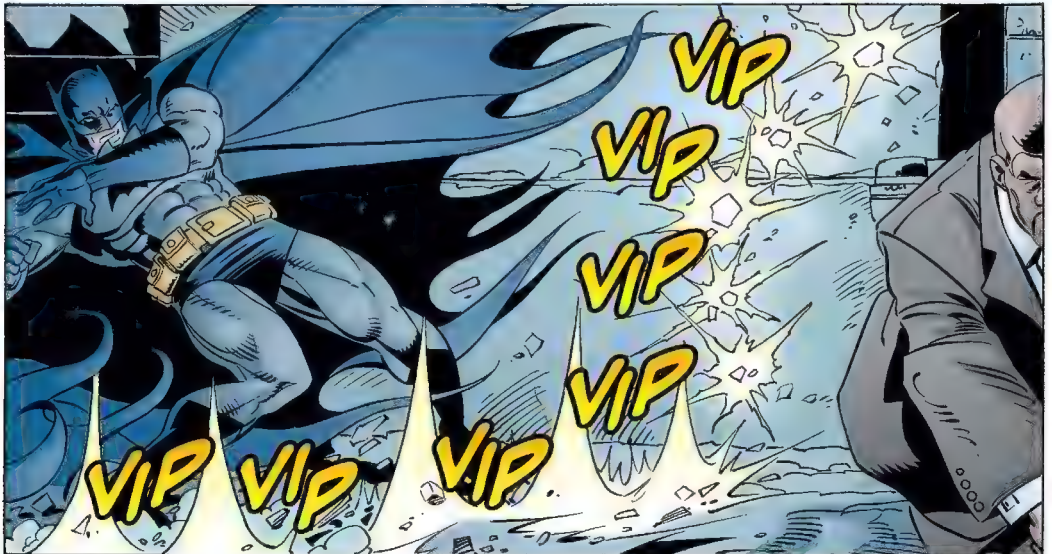
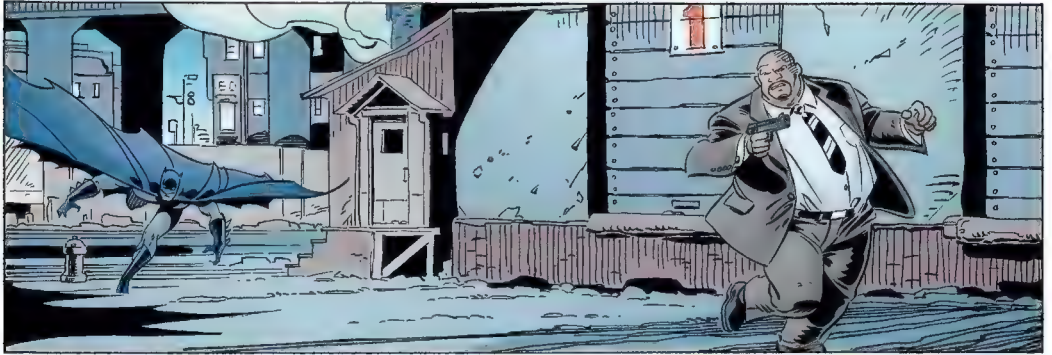
WHURWHURWHUR

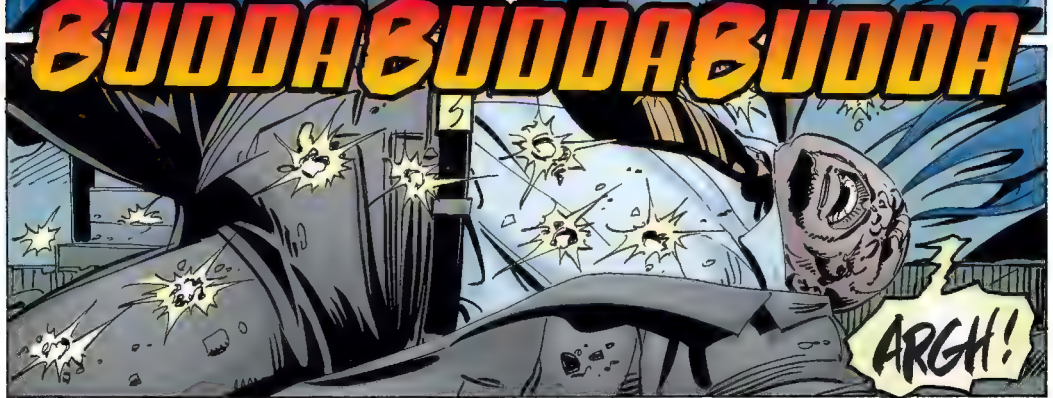
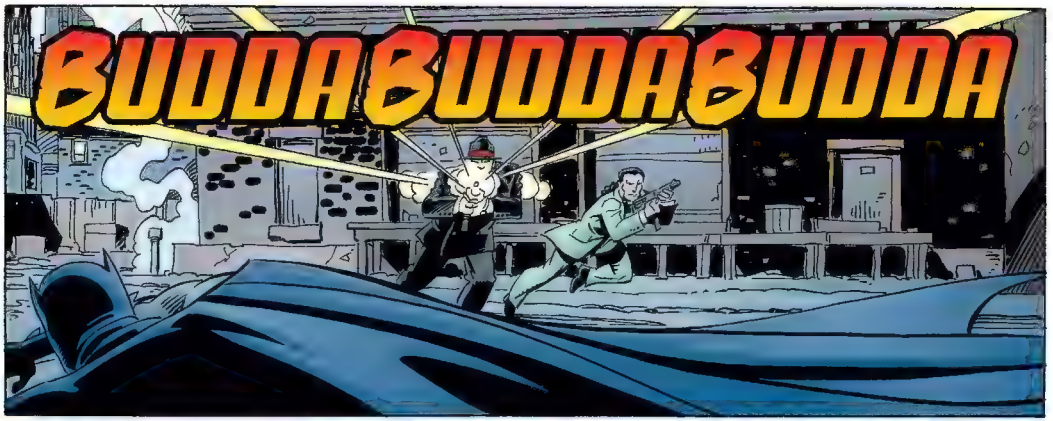
WHURWHURWHUR

KRAK

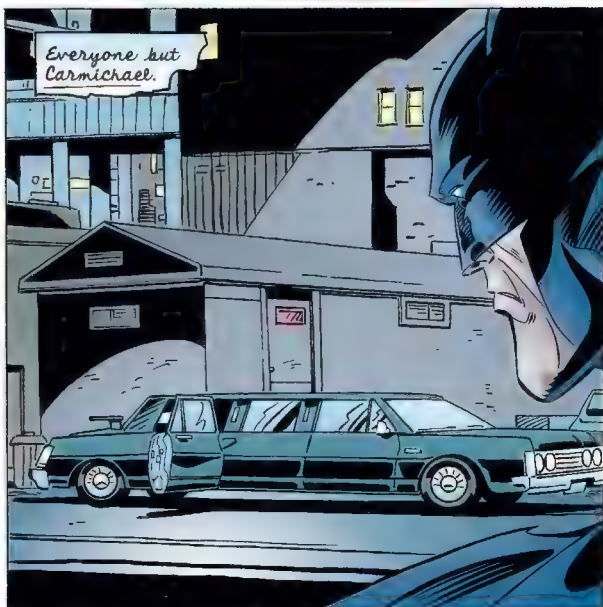
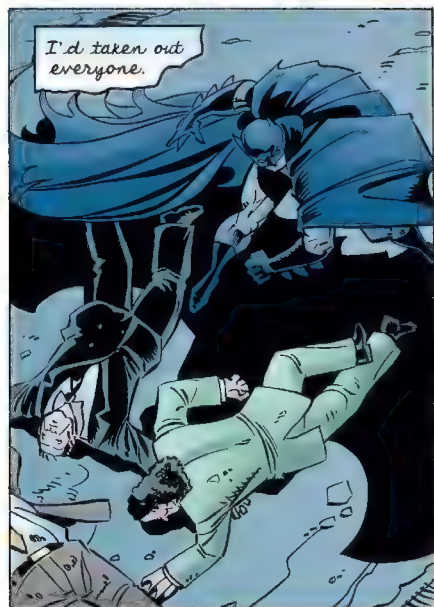


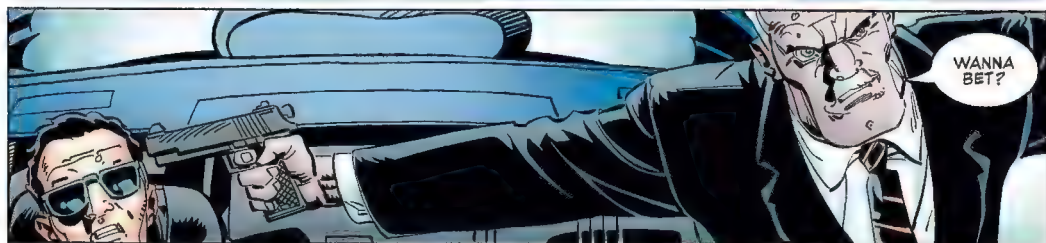
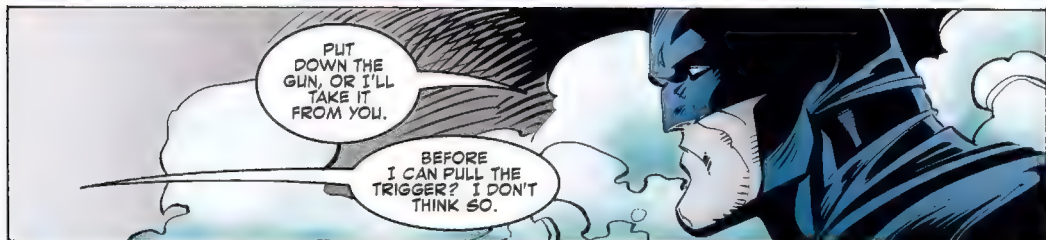
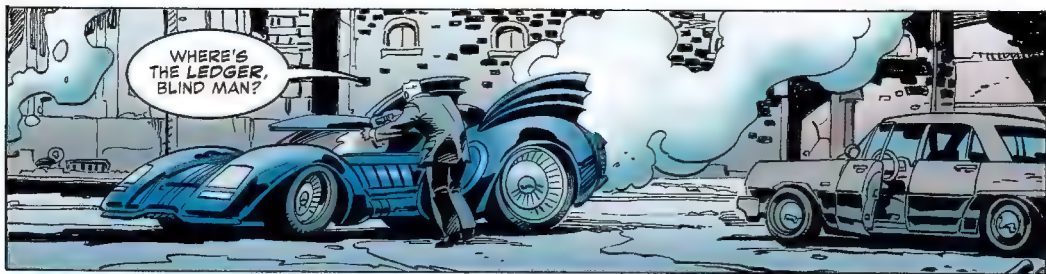




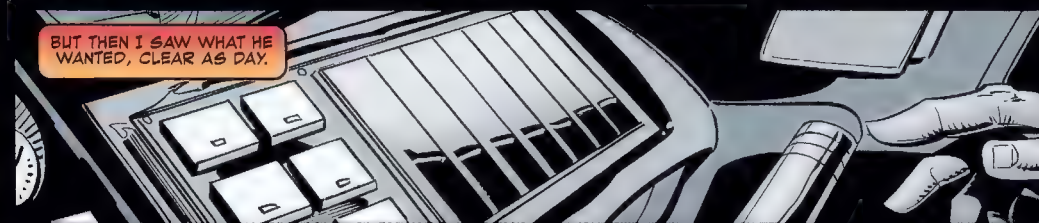














TWO CITY COUNCILMEN, A STATE ASSEMBLYMAN AND A COP. QUITE A LIST OF CUSTOMERS HERE.



CAN YOU HANDLE THE POLITICAL FALLOUT?

PROBABLY NOT, BUT THESE LOWLIFES NEED TO GO TO JAIL ANYWAY. SO ASK ME IF I CARE.



GOOD MAN, JIM.

UM, BATMAN...?



I WANTED TO THANK YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE.

YOU DID A GOOD THING TRYING TO HELP THAT GIRL, HYLAND. THAT'S WHY I'M LETTING YOU GO.



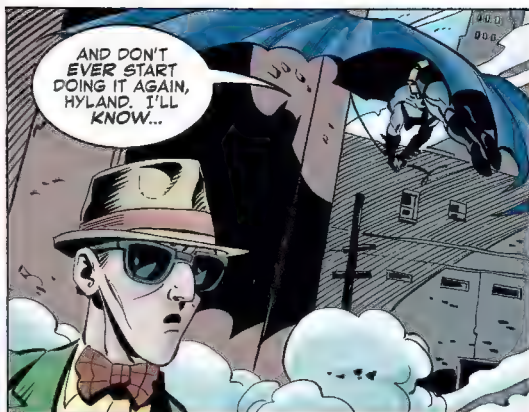
I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

SURE YOU DO. I'VE BEEN CHECKING UP ON YOU. YOU AND YOUR MANY INTERESTING FINANCIAL TRANSACTIONS.




YOU'VE BEEN USING YOUR POWERS TO STEAL FROM PEOPLE, TRANSFERRING THEIR MONEY INTO YOUR BANK ACCOUNTS.









A full-page illustration of Batman in his suit and cape, flying horizontally across the upper right portion of the frame. He is positioned as if gliding or flying quickly. The background is a cityscape under a heavy blizzard. Snowflakes and ice chunks are falling from the sky, creating a sense of intense cold and chaos. In the lower left, a brick building is partially visible, with a large sign that reads "LEATHAM WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTION AND IMPORT". The sky is a pale, hazy blue, and the city buildings in the distance are partially obscured by the falling snow. The overall color palette is dominated by blues, greys, and whites, with the black and blue of Batman's suit providing a focal point.

*I'd been waiting  
for over three hours.  
The blizzard had  
only been blowing  
for two.*

*The insulation in my  
costume had long since  
reached its limits.*

*The wind cut at me  
like a dull razor.  
Numbness crept into  
my fingers.*

*The warmth of my  
car beckoned but I  
wasn't going  
anywhere.*

*Not till the job  
was done.*

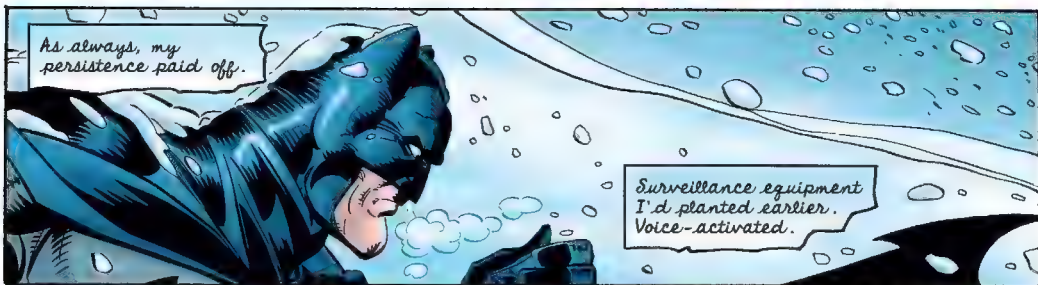
*Cold as it was that  
winter night, the  
hearts of my prey  
were colder still.*

# DON'T BLINK

## PART ONE

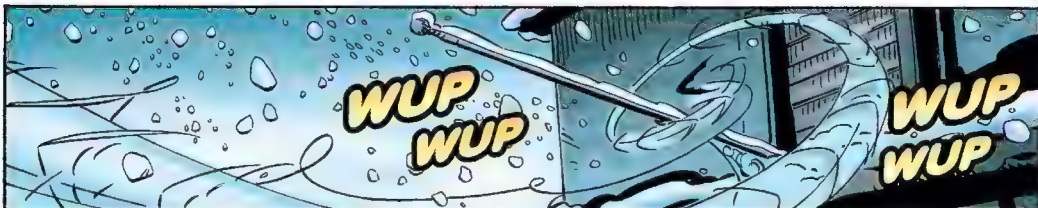
Writer: DWAYNE MCDUFFIE Penciller: VAL SEMEIKS  
Inker: DAN GREEN Letterer: KURT HATHAWAY  
Colors: JAMES SINCLAIR Sep's: DIGITAL CHAMELEON  
Asst Ed: HARVEY RICHARDS Editor: ANDREW HELFER  
BATMAN created by BOB KANE





As always, my persistence paid off.

Surveillance equipment  
I'd planted earlier.  
Voice-activated.



WUP  
WUP

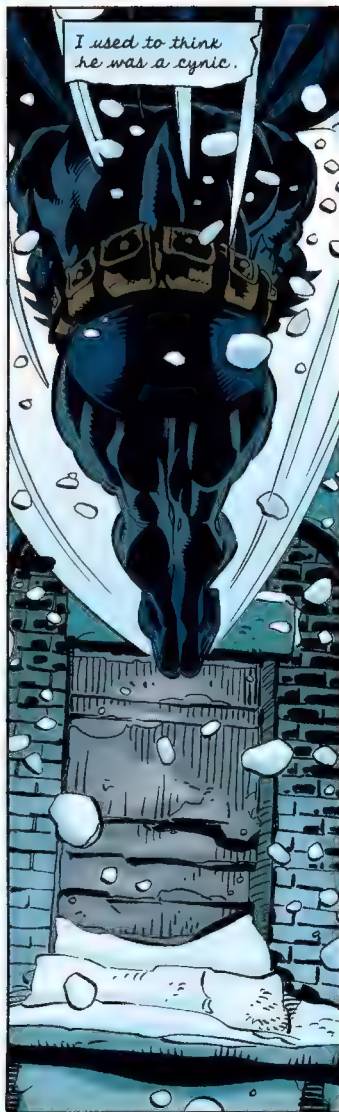
WUP  
WUP



Not so long ago, one of my teachers told me, "Bruce, whatever in the world someone wants, there's someone who'll sell it to them..."

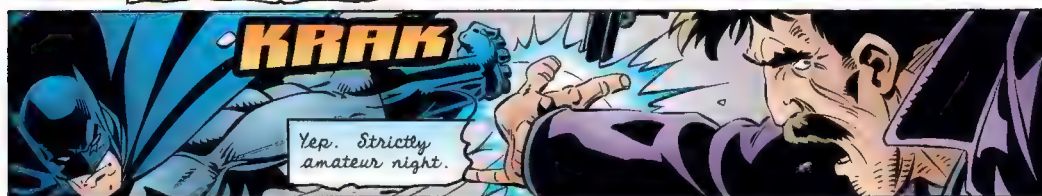


"...drugs, women,  
vice of every kind,  
it's all available, for  
the right price."



I used to think  
he was a cynic.

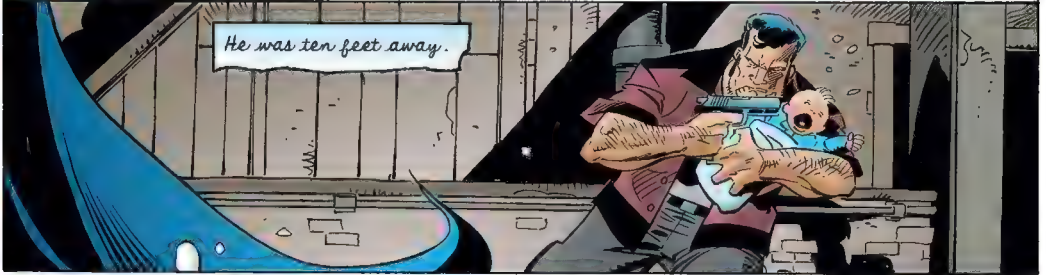
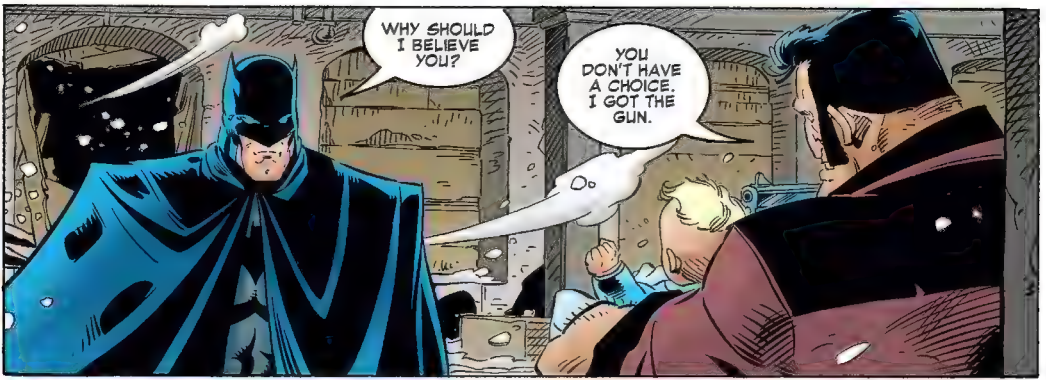












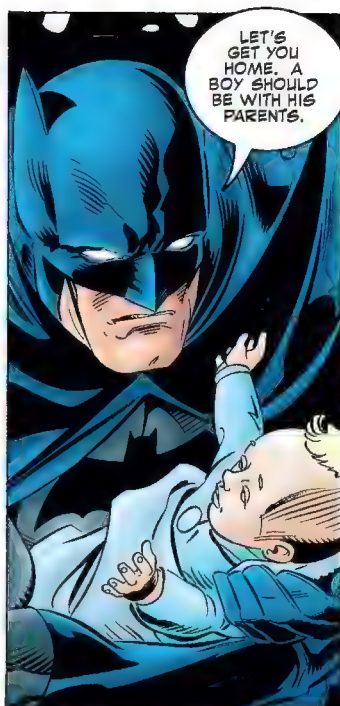




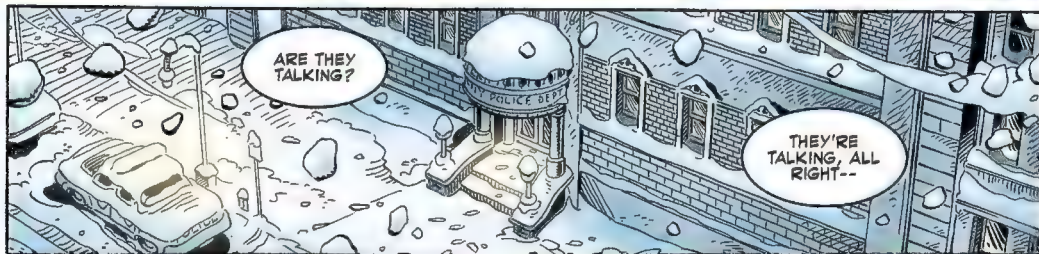
...and still make the catch.



How about that? He didn't even cry.



LET'S GET YOU HOME. A BOY SHOULD BE WITH HIS PARENTS.



ARE THEY TALKING?

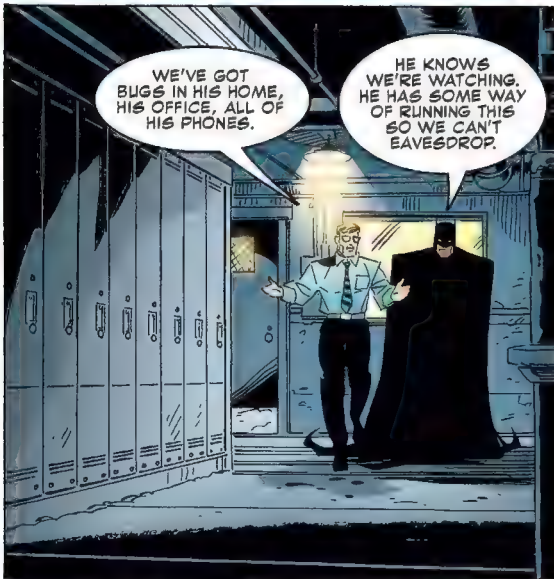
THEY'RE TALKING, ALL RIGHT--

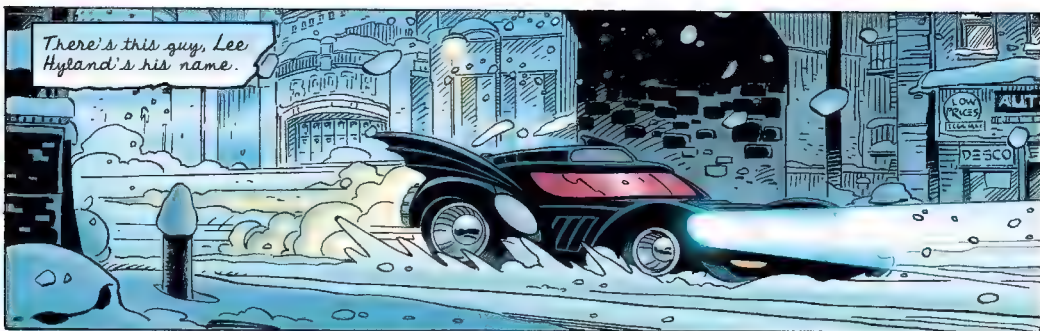


--BUT THEY DON'T KNOW SQUAT.

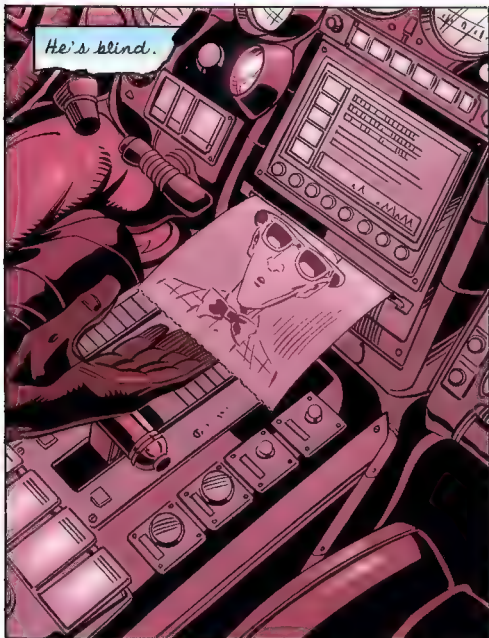
WHY SHOULD THIS TIME BE ANY DIFFERENT?







There's this guy, Lee Hyland's his name.



He's blind.



But what nature takes away with one hand, she gives back with the other.

And in his case, she gave it back with interest.



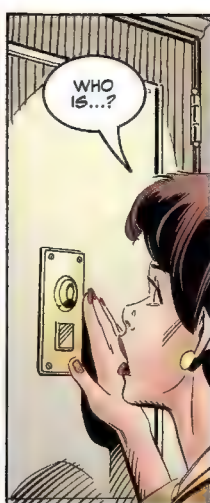
Hyland somehow has the ability to see through the eyes of anyone he touches.

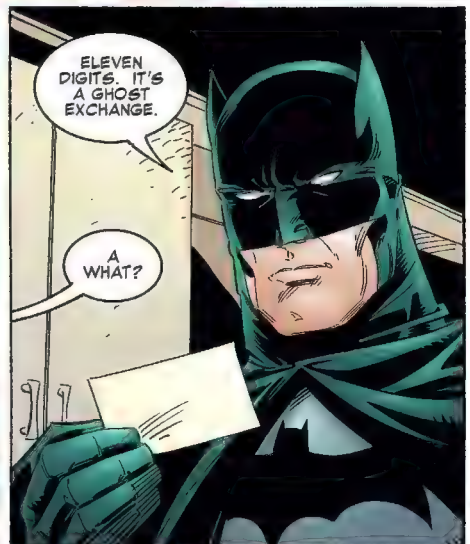
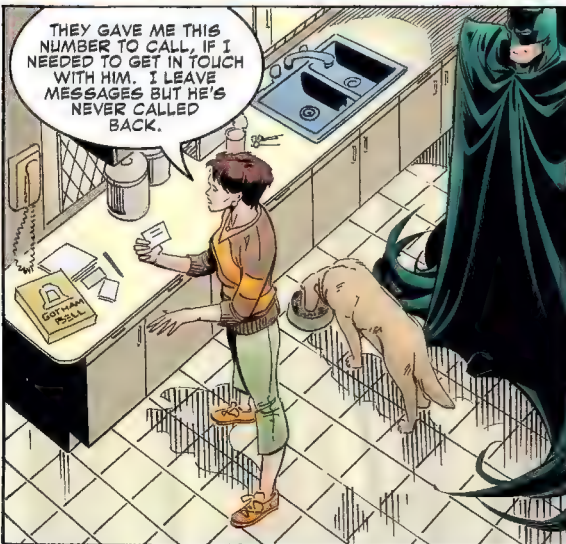
When he's doing it to you, you don't even know he's there.



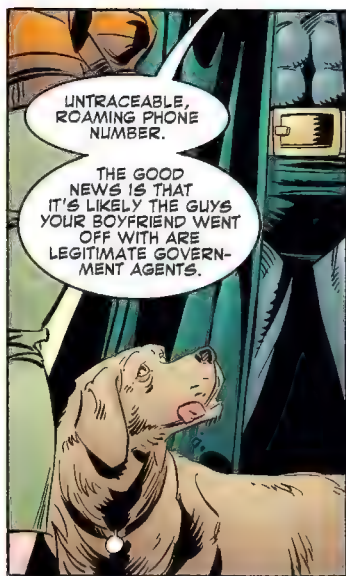
Not so long ago, he saw something he wasn't supposed to see. I kept him from getting killed over it.











UNTRACEABLE,  
ROAMING PHONE  
NUMBER.

THE GOOD  
NEWS IS THAT  
IT'S LIKELY THE GUYS  
YOUR BOYFRIEND WENT  
OFF WITH ARE  
LEGITIMATE GOVERN-  
MENT AGENTS.

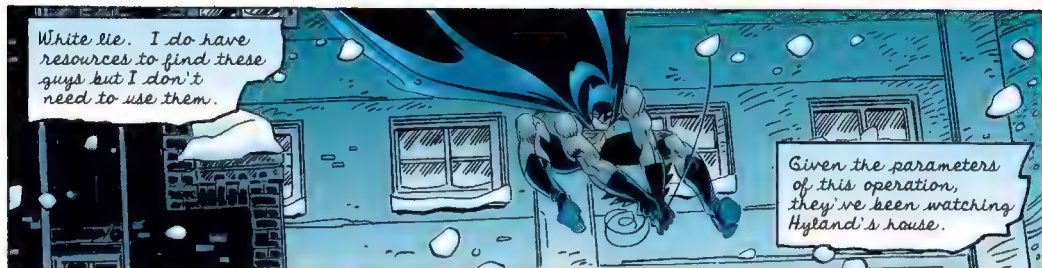


THE BAD NEWS IS THESE  
GUYS ARE SO DEEP UNDER  
THAT IT'S GOING TO TAKE A  
WHILE TO FIND THEM.



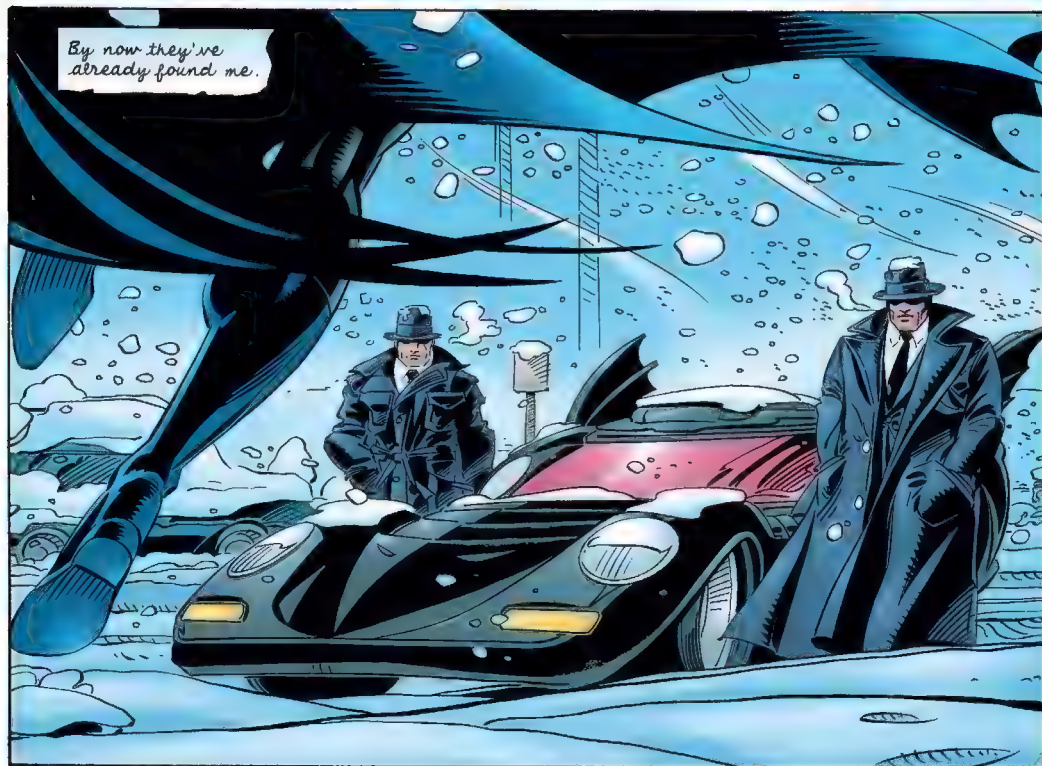
I'VE GOT SOME RESOURCES  
TO BRING TO BEAR ON THIS.  
IT MAY TAKE A FEW DAYS  
BUT I'LL FIND HIM...

THANK  
YOU.



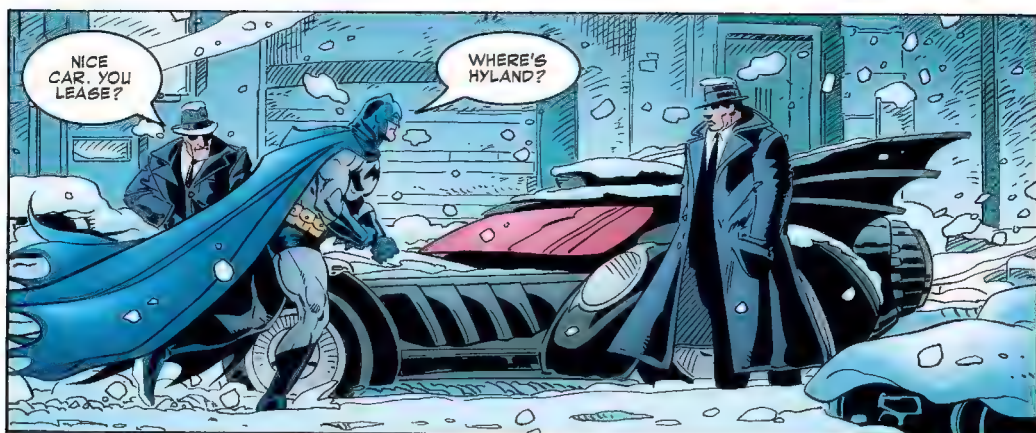
White lie. I do have  
resources to find these  
guys but I don't  
need to use them.

Given the parameters  
of this operation,  
they've been watching  
Hyland's house.

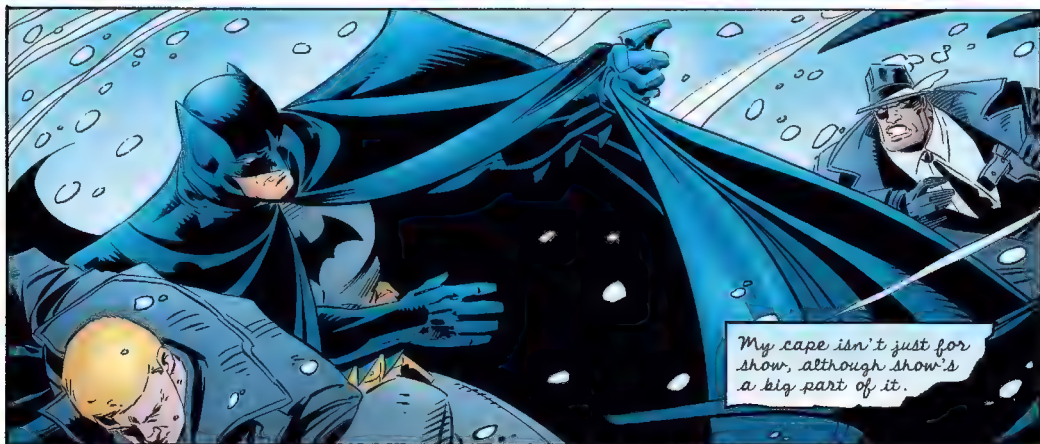
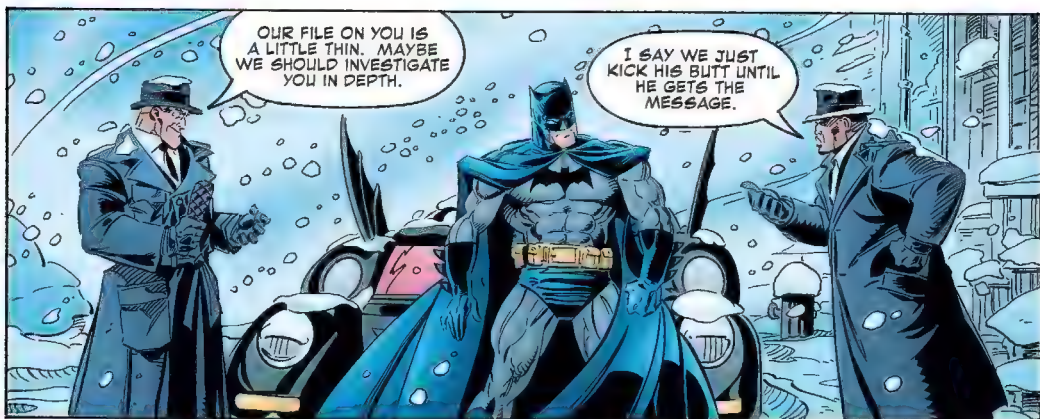


By now they've  
already found me.











But my cape  
also distracts  
my opponents.

WHERE...?

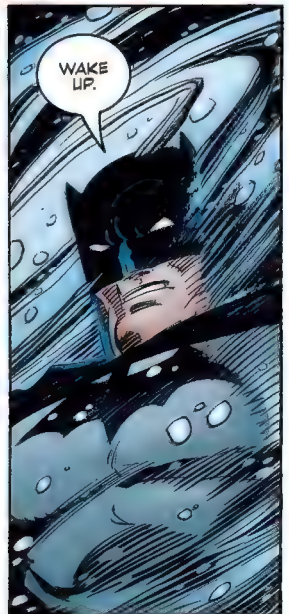


And conceals my  
movements.

I TOOK  
IT. DIDN'T WANT  
YOU TO SHOOT  
ME.

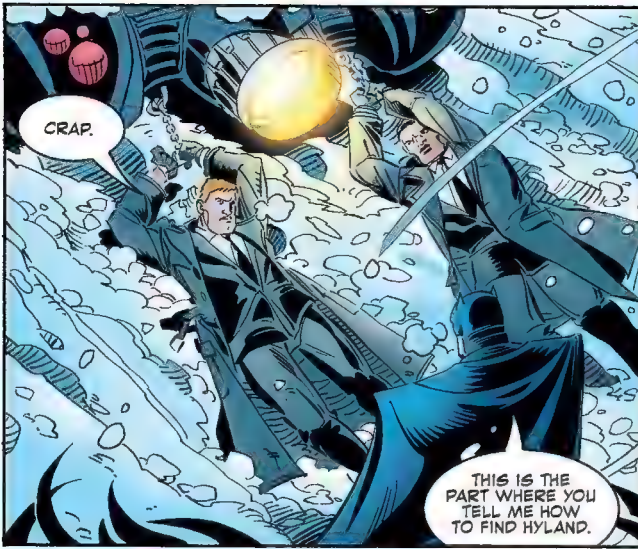


**KRAK**

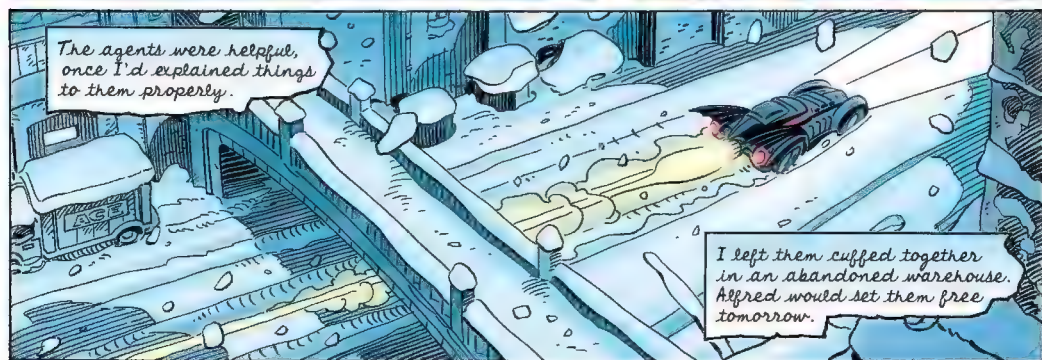
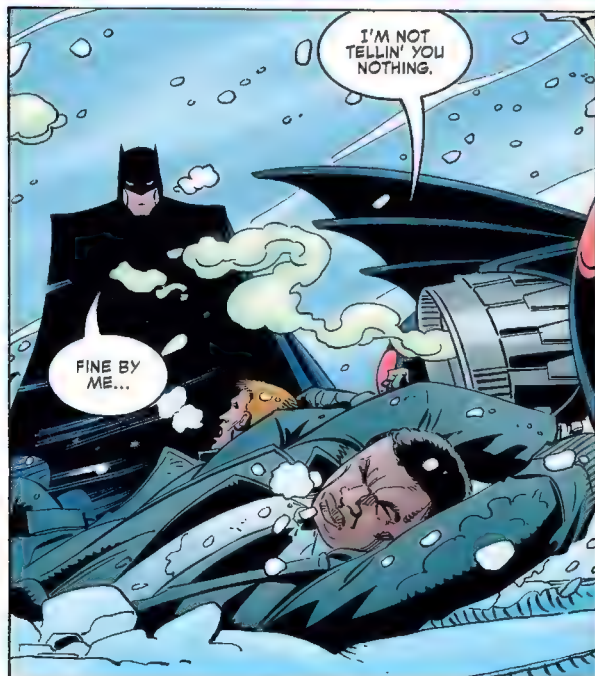
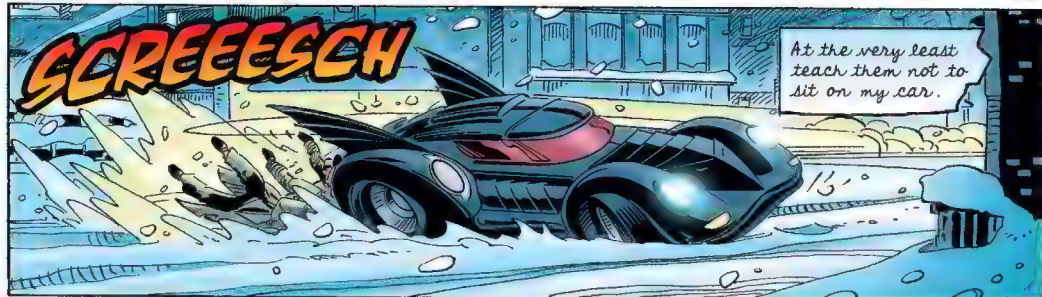


WAKE  
UP.

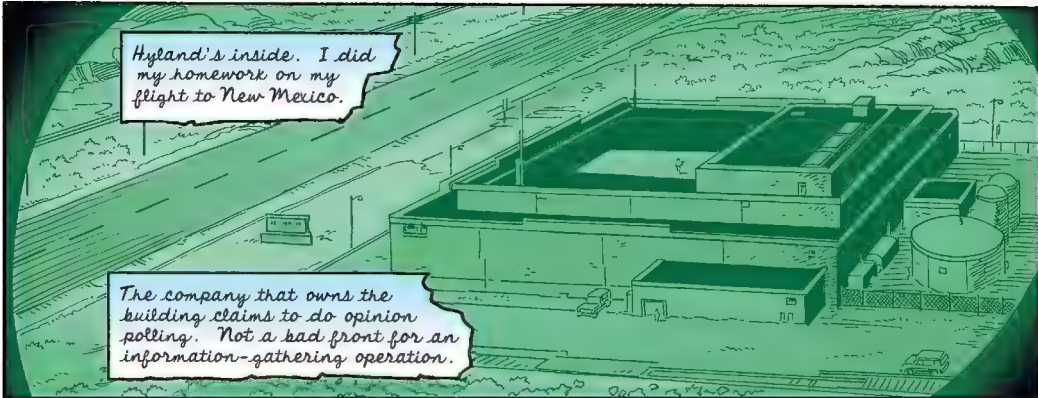






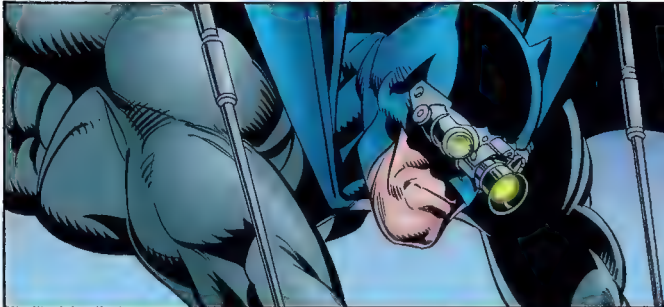







Hyland's inside. I did  
my homework on my  
flight to New Mexico.

The company that owns the  
building claims to do opinion  
polling. Not a bad front for an  
information-gathering operation.



Well-guarded.  
Not easy to  
get inside.



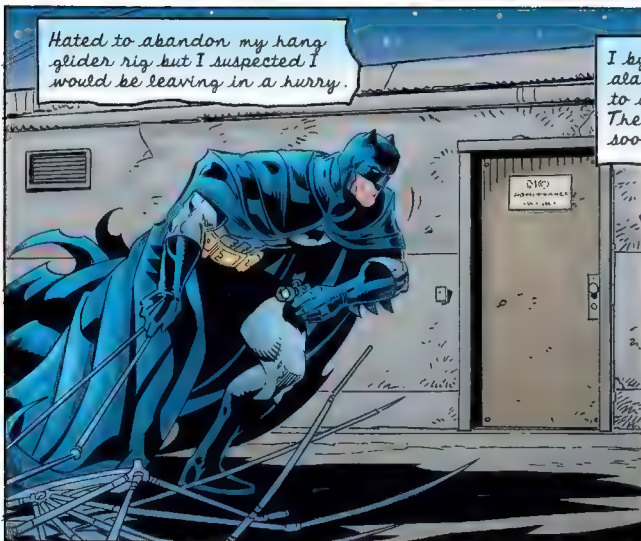
Fortunately,  
I came  
prepared.



Didn't see me coming. It's dark in the desert at night.

UNH!

THUP



Hated to abandon my hang glider rig but I suspected I would be leaving in a hurry.



I bypassed the alarm. No reason to announce myself. They'd notice soon enough.



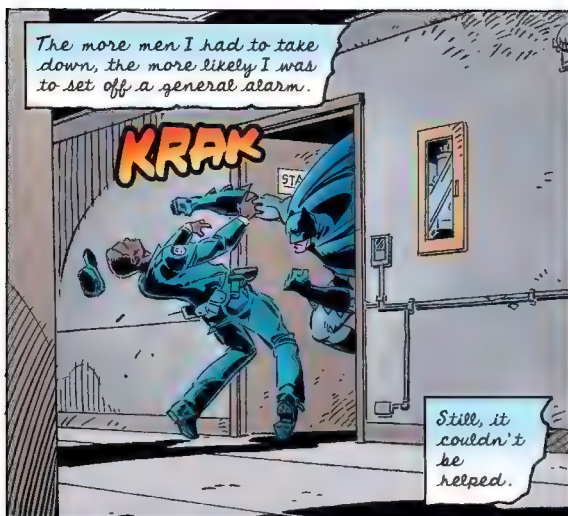
I couldn't get building plans, so I was going in blind. I'd have to move quickly but methodically.

Floor-by-floor sweep, all right turns.



Taking out anyone in my way.







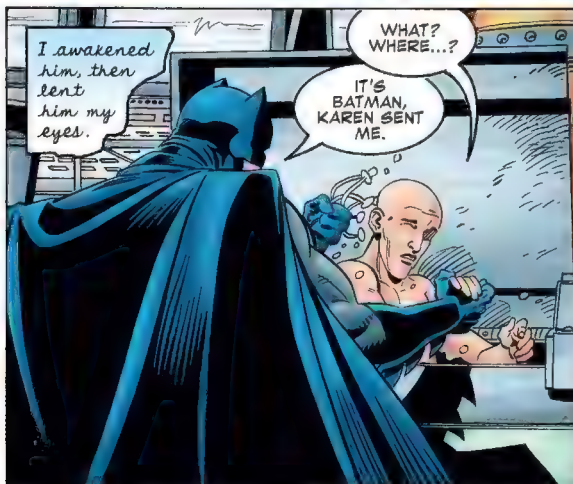
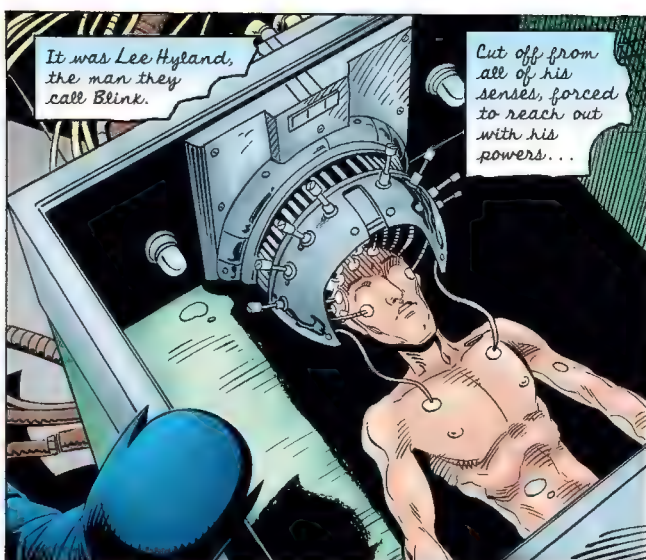
A monitor room.


All of the data seemed to be coming from the device in the center of the room.

But that hardly seemed possible. It looked like a sensory deprivation tank.

And if it was, I could only think of one source for the signals it appeared to be transmitting.








LET ME AMEND  
THAT, BATMAN.  
HYLAND'S GOING BACK  
INTO THE TANK. YOU'RE  
GOING INTO A  
PINE BOX.

**NEXT:**  
**What the**  
**Blind Man**  
**Saw**







*This wasn't going to be easy.*

*I'd gone looking for Lee Hyland, a blind man blessed with the ability to see through the eyes of others.*

*I'd found him, hidden in a building full of black-ops agents.*

*Somehow they'd figured out how to use Hyland's powers to spy on dozens of people at once.*

*Important work, I'm sure.*

*But Hyland wanted out, so that's the way it was going to be.*

# DON'T BLINK

## PART TWO

Dwayne McDuffie / writer • Val Semeiks / penciller  
Dan Green / inker • James Sinclair / colorist  
Digital Chameleon / separator • Kurt Hathaway / letterer  
Harvey Richards / ass't ed. • Andy Helfer / editor

Batman created by Bob Kane

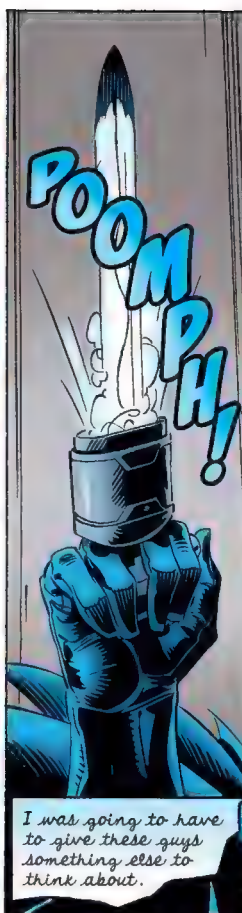








Okay. Maybe two or three.



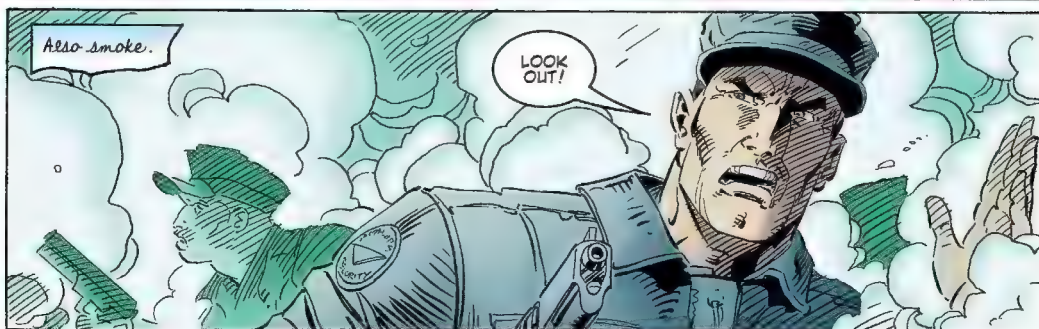
I was going to have to give these guys something else to think about.



First, I moved to the high ground, then I gave them the goods.



Flash-bang grenades. Relatively harmless concussive charges that produce a lot of light and noise.



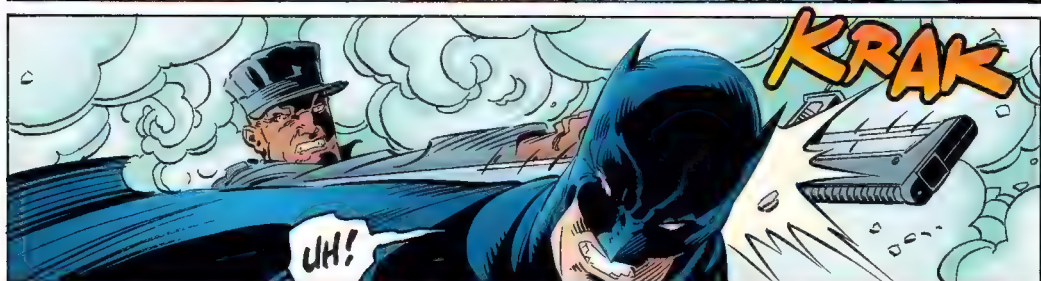
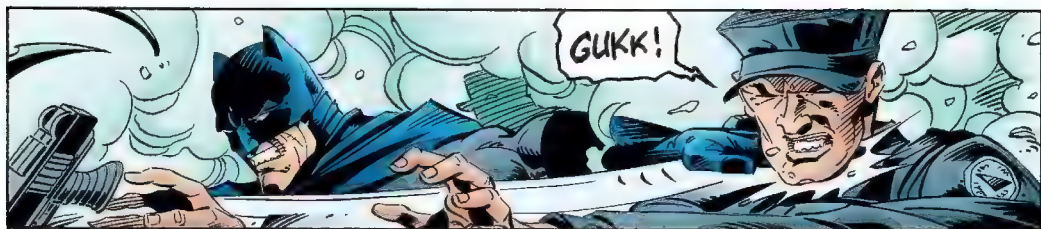
Also smoke.

LOOK OUT!

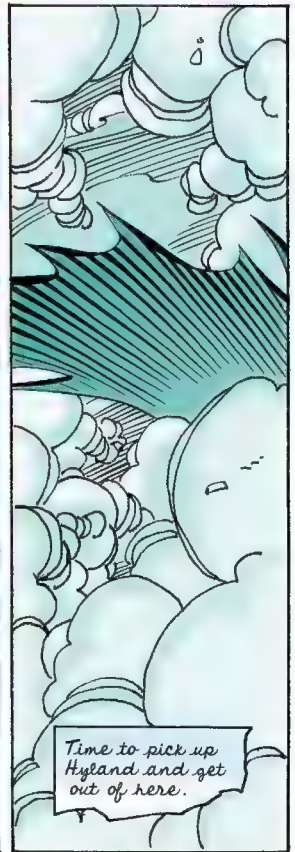






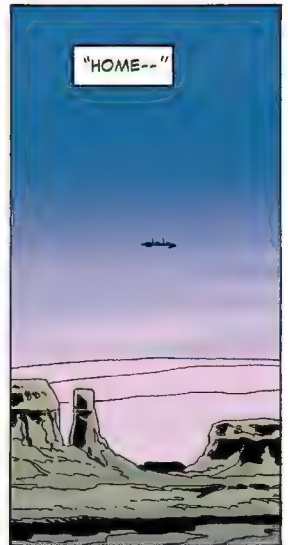
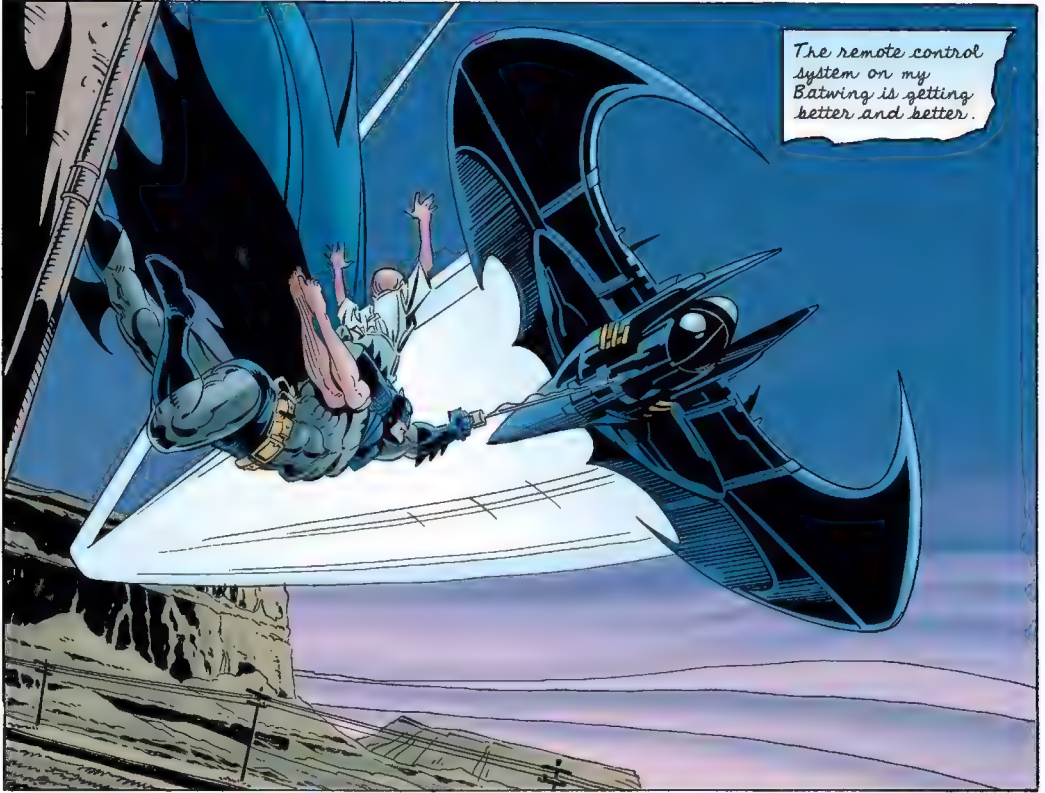


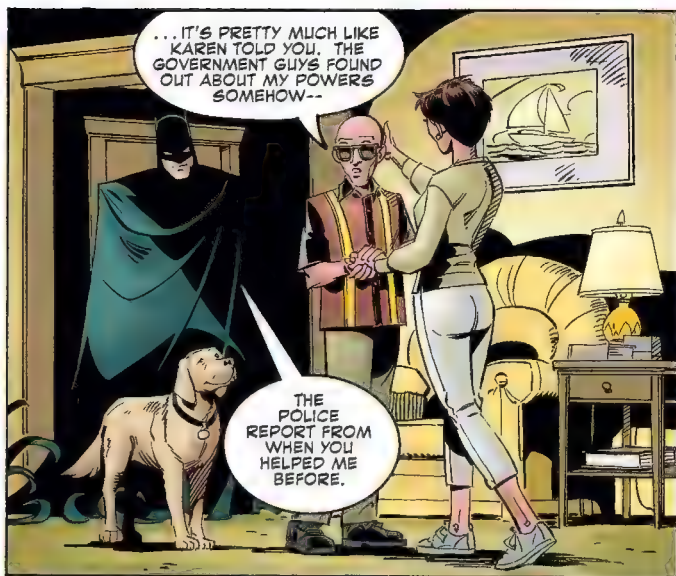




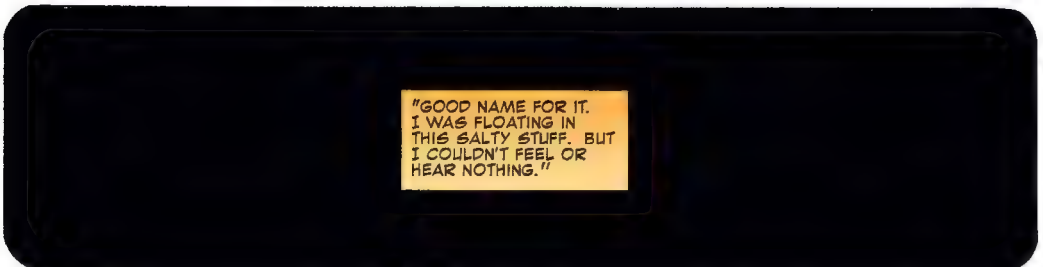
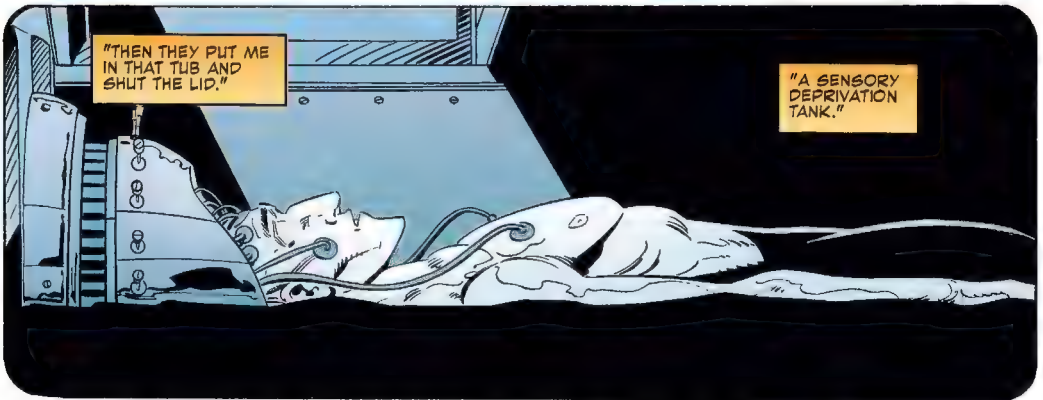
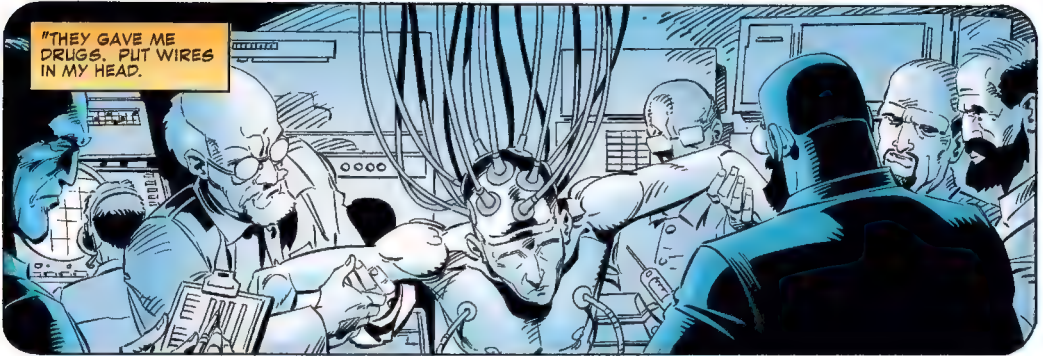
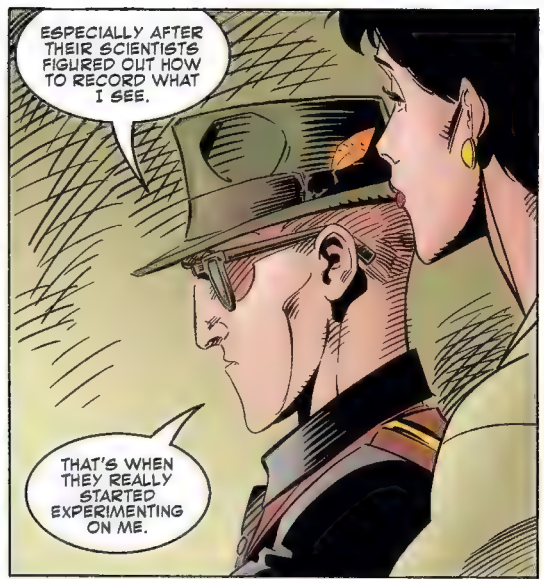






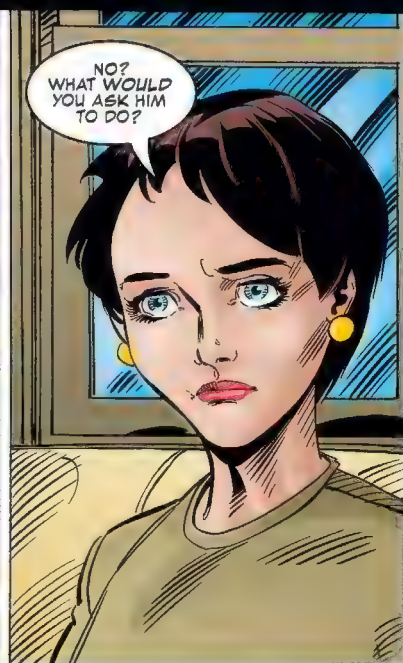
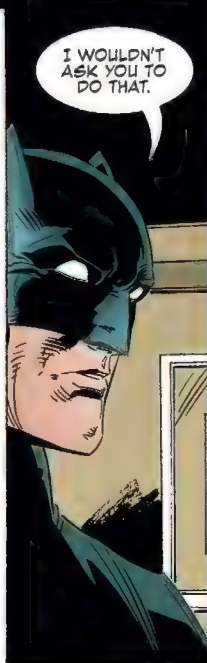
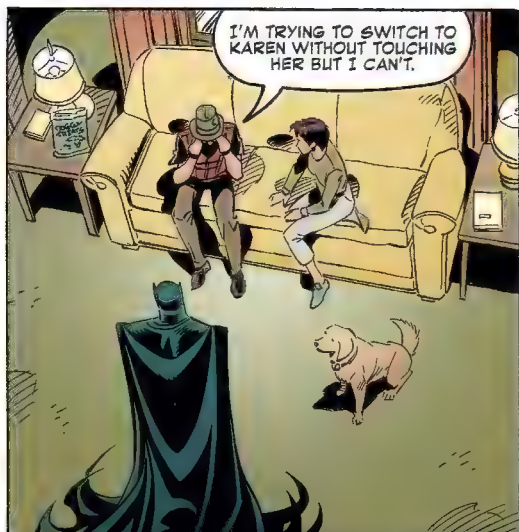














HIS NAME  
IS CARSON  
CLARKE...



THE POLICE HAVE BEEN AFTER  
HIM FOR A YEAR AND A HALF.  
THEY KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING  
BUT THEY CAN'T PIN IT ON  
HIM.

SO? WHACK HIM IN THE  
HEAD WITH ONE OF YOUR  
BOOMERANGS TILL HE  
YELLS "UNCLE."



DOESN'T  
WORK THAT WAY.  
I DON'T WANT HIM  
SCARED STRAIGHT.  
I WANT HIM OFF  
THE STREETS.



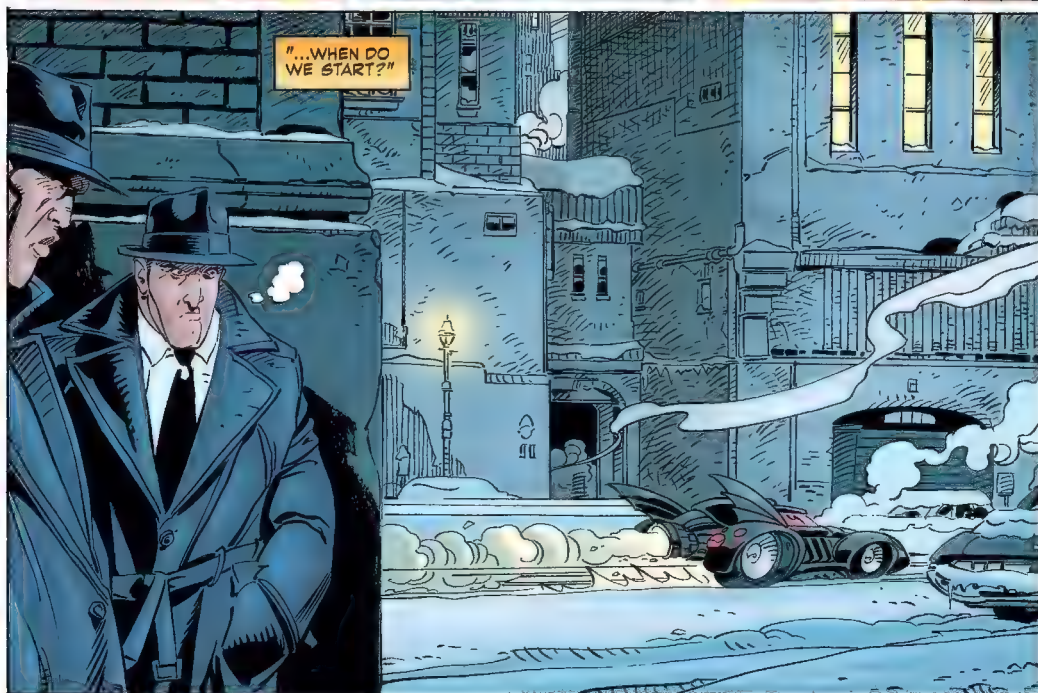
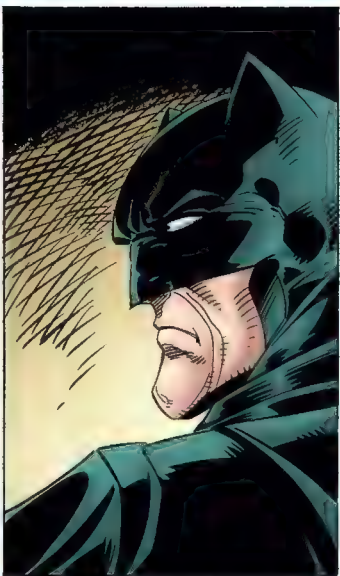
WHAT?  
YOU WANT ME  
TO WATCH AND  
THEN TESTIFY  
AGAINST HIM?

EVEN IF WE  
COULD FIND A  
JUDGE WHO'D  
ALLOW YOUR  
TESTIMONY, WE'D  
NEVER FIND A  
JURY WHO'D  
BELIEVE IT.

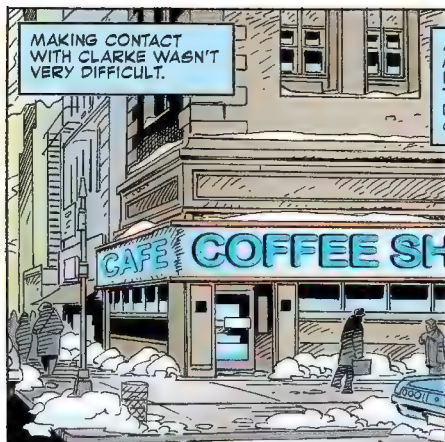


ALL I WANT IS  
FOR YOU TO WATCH  
HIM LONG ENOUGH TO  
FIGURE OUT HOW HE  
DOES BUSINESS. THEN  
I'LL GO IN AND GET  
HARD EVIDENCE.



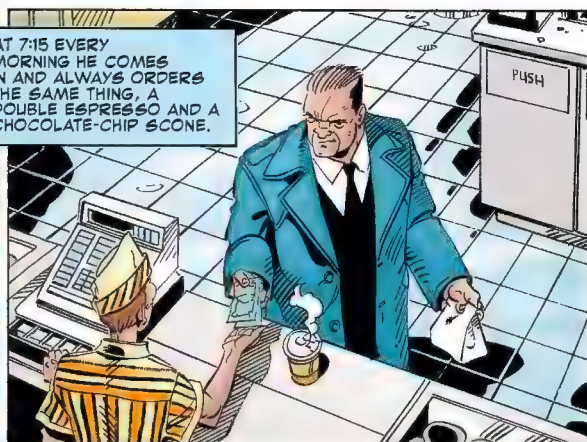




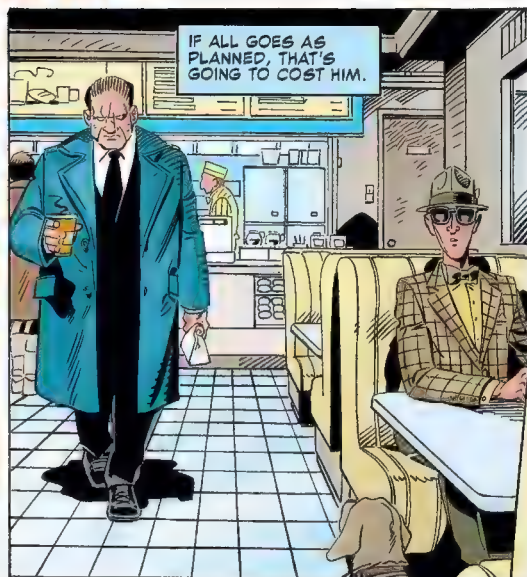


MAKING CONTACT  
WITH CLARKE WASN'T  
VERY DIFFICULT.

AT 7:15 EVERY  
MORNING HE COMES  
IN AND ALWAYS ORDERS  
THE SAME THING, A  
DOUBLE ESPRESSO AND A  
CHOCOLATE-CHIP Scone.



HE'S A  
CREATURE OF  
HABIT.



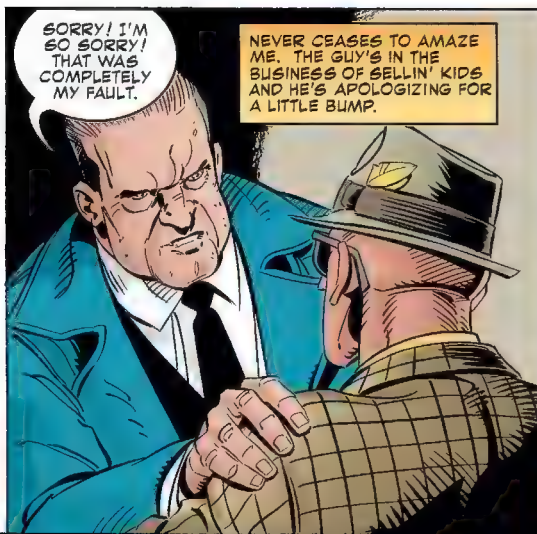
IF ALL GOES AS  
PLANNED, THAT'S  
GOING TO COST HIM.



UNPH!

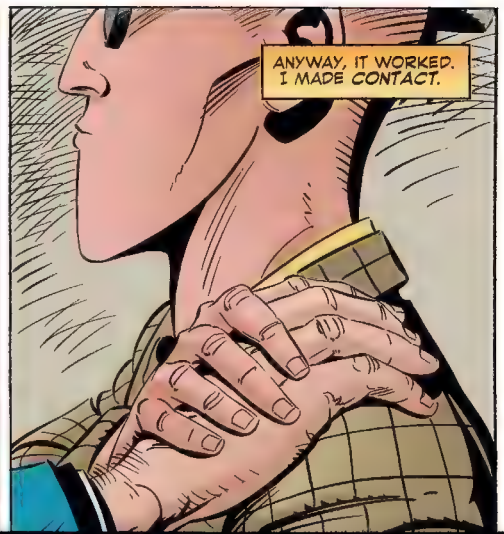
OH!!





SORRY! I'M SO SORRY! THAT WAS COMPLETELY MY FAULT.

NEVER CEASES TO AMAZE ME. THE GUY'S IN THE BUSINESS OF SELLIN' KIDS AND HE'S APOLOGIZING FOR A LITTLE BUMP.



ANYWAY, IT WORKED. I MADE CONTACT.



NOW I WAS IN HIS HEAD, SEEING THE WORLD THROUGH HIS EYES.



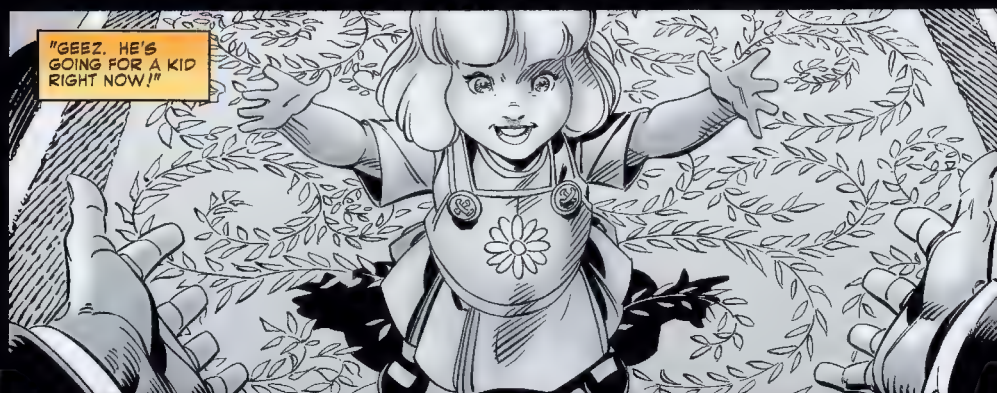
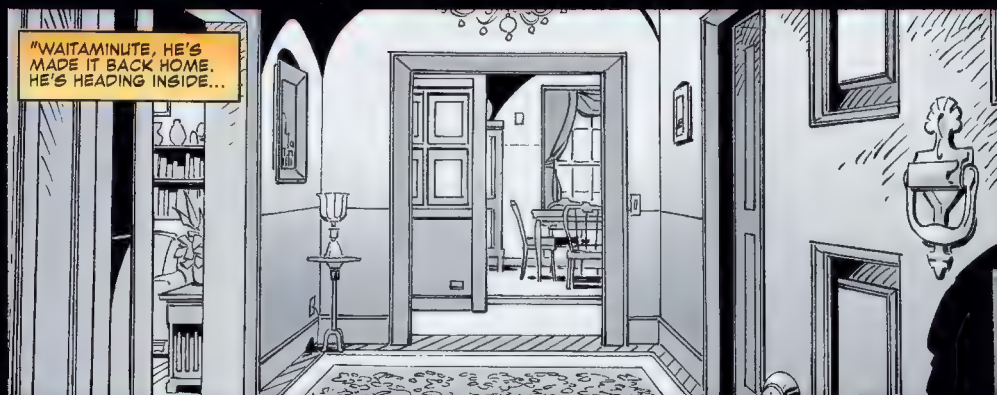
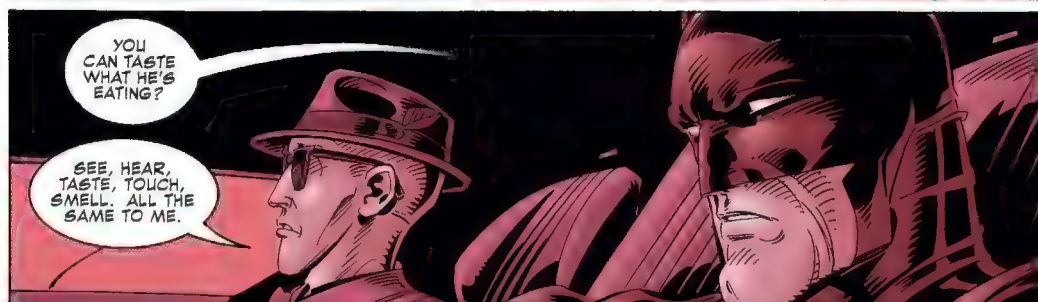
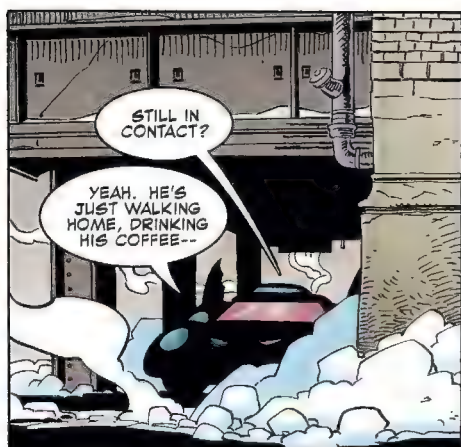
AND HE DIDN'T HAVE A CLUE.

YOU SURE YOU OKAY?

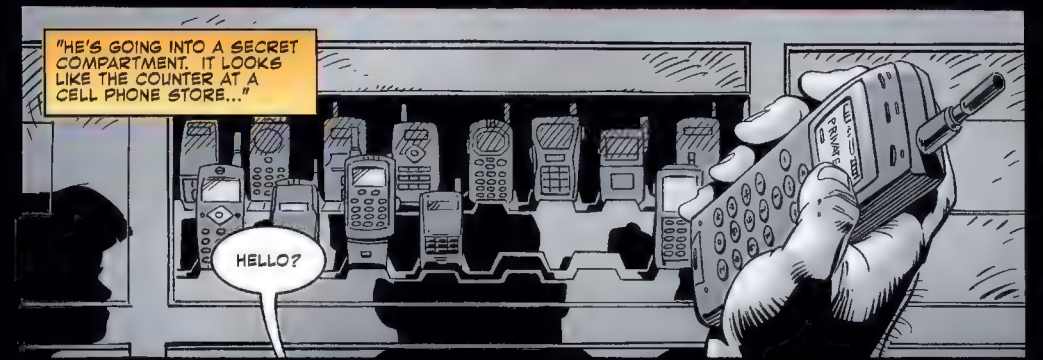
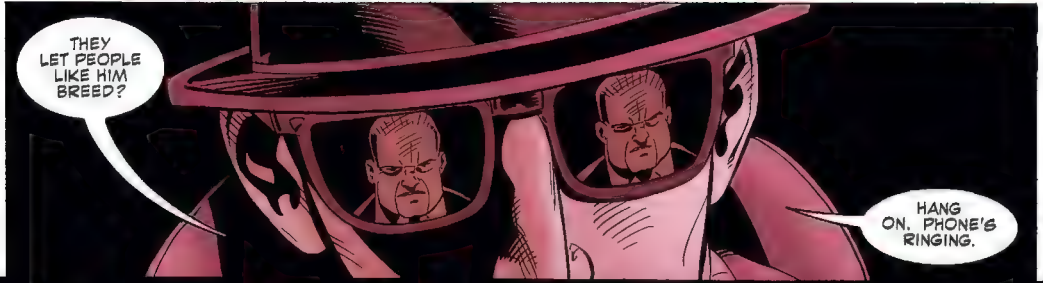
JUST FINE, MISTER. THANKS.

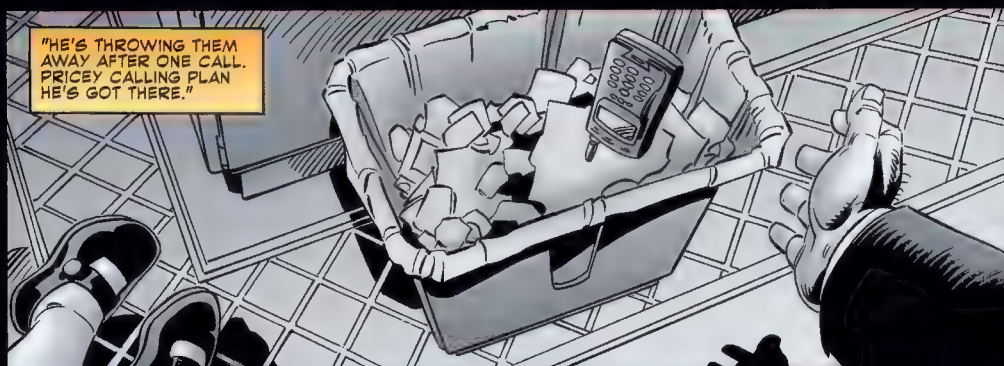
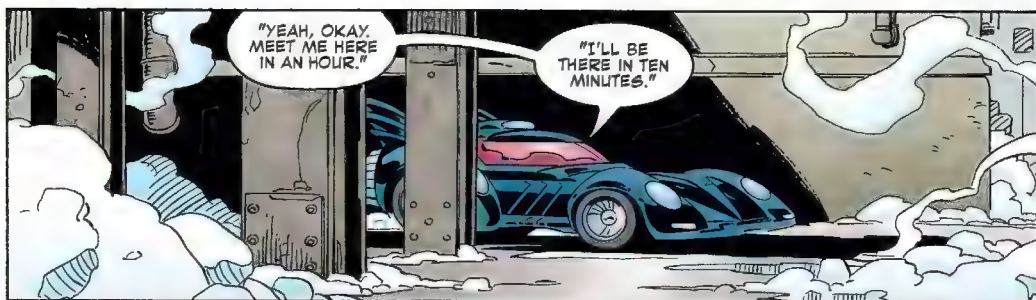


MY DOG LED ME BACK TO WHERE BATMAN WAS WAITING FOR ME. I ONLY HAD EYES FOR CLARKE.



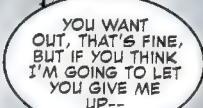
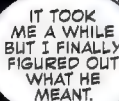




















A dynamic comic book illustration of Batman in a red sports car. Batman is in the driver's seat, looking forward with a determined expression. In the back seat, a detective wearing a brown trench coat and a fedora is looking out the window. The car is shown from a low angle, emphasizing its speed and power. The background is a stylized city street with a building and a clock tower visible in the distance.

The clock was  
against me.

It had been nearly 60 seconds  
since Carson Clarke, the subject of  
my surveillance, was shot dead.

35 seconds since the killer,  
a man I knew only by the  
name "Farrell," picked up  
the dead man's child and  
headed for the tunnels  
beneath his house.

Less than 2 seconds since  
I parked in front of the  
scene of the crime.

In my business,  
an eternity.

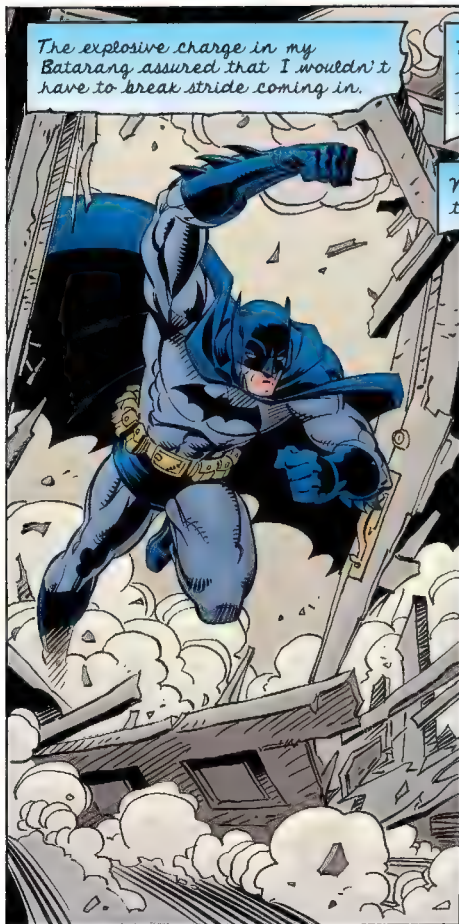
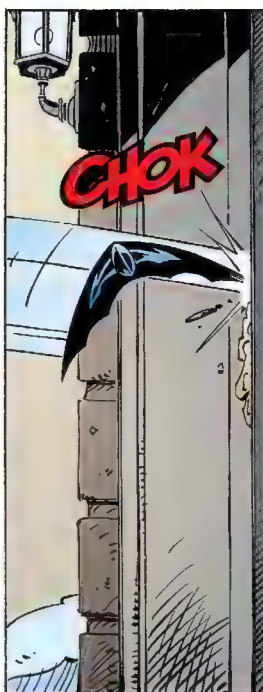
# DON'T BLINK

## PART THREE

Writer: DWAYNE MCDUFFIE Penciler: VAL SEMEIKS  
Inker: DAN GREEN Letterer: KURT HATHAWAY  
Colors: JAMES SINCLAIR  
Asst Ed: HARVEY RICHARDS Editor: ANDREW HELFER  
BATMAN created by BOB KANE



I'd have to pick up the pace.



The explosive charge in my Batarang assured that I wouldn't have to break stride coming in.



The killer entered the house from a secret tunnel in the basement.

No trouble finding the basement stairs.



Or the corpse, for that matter.





From the building plans I'd looked up, it was clear that the "secret tunnel" was actually a conduit in the Gotham sewer system.

The door would have to be--

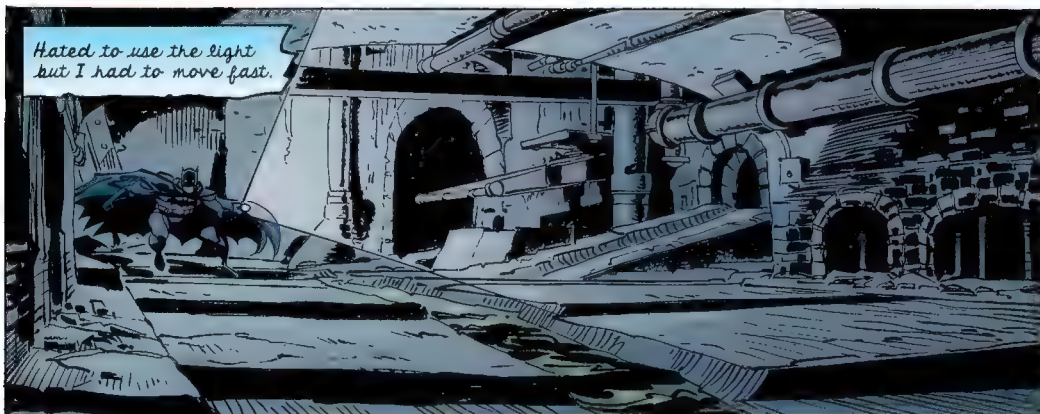


--right here.

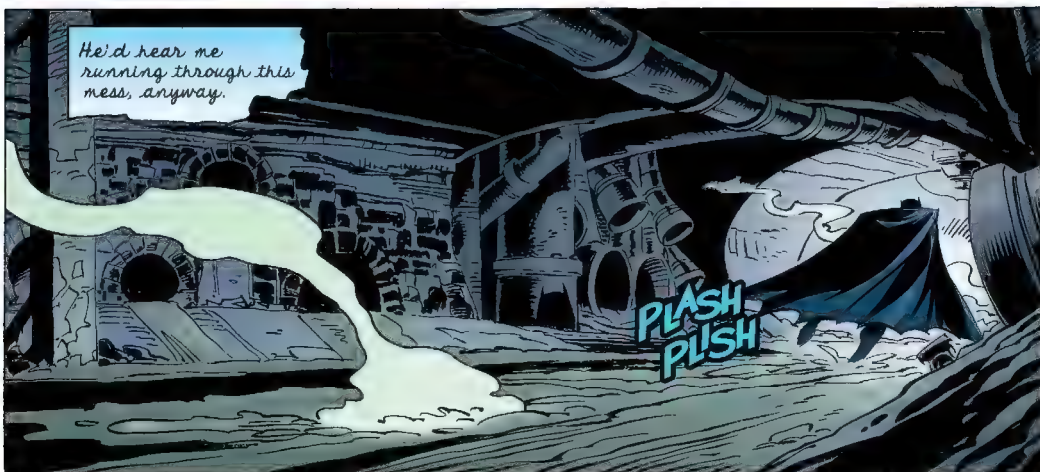


Judging from the smell, I was right about the sewer.

And I could just make out the sound of footsteps, moving away from me.

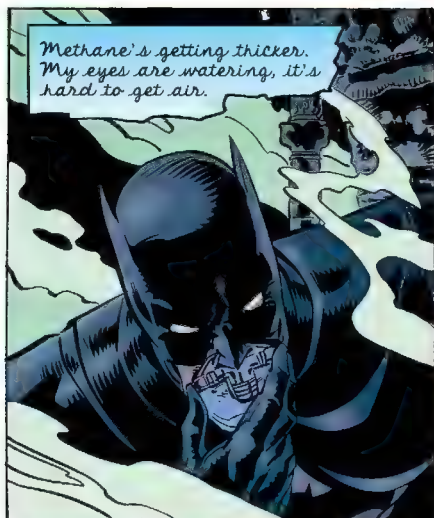


Hated to use the light but I had to move fast.

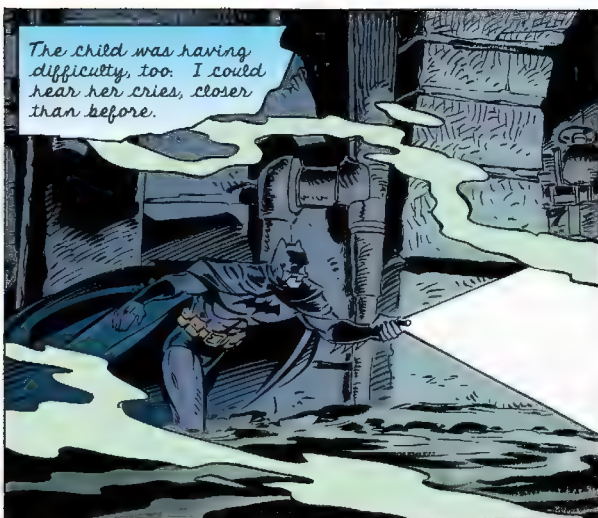


He'd hear me running through this mess, anyway.

PLASH  
PLISH



Methane's getting thicker.  
My eyes are watering, it's  
hard to get air.



The child was having  
difficulty, too. I could  
hear her cries, closer  
than before.



I was gaining on them.



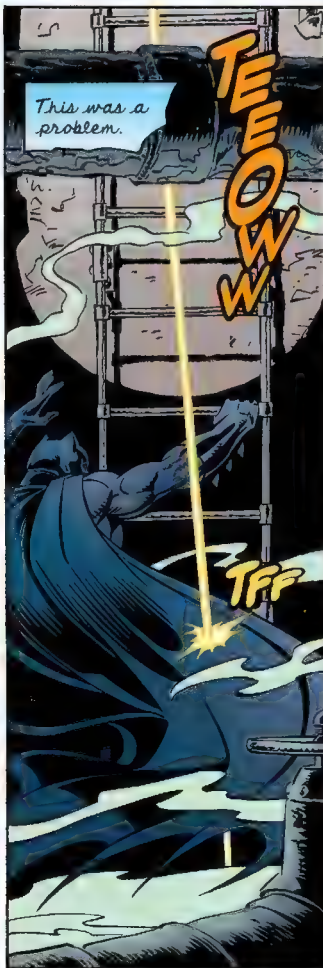
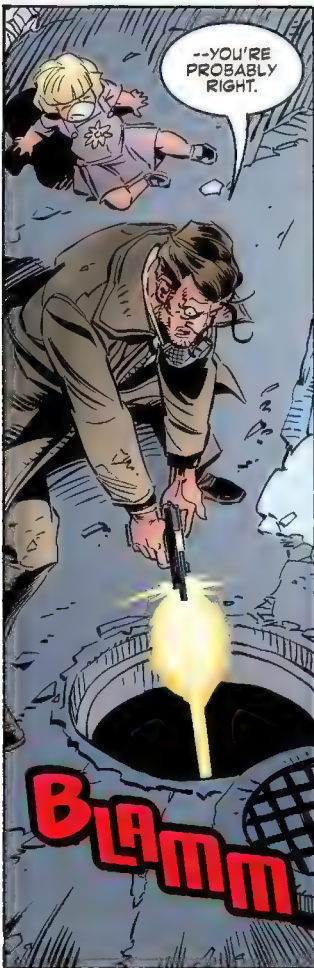
FARELL!  
HOLD IT!

STAY  
BACK!



I MEAN  
IT! I GOT  
NO BEEF WITH  
YOU, WALK  
AWAY!

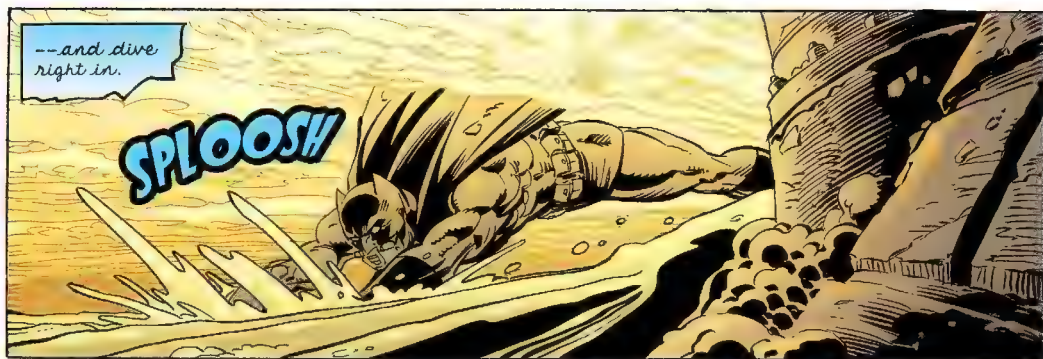








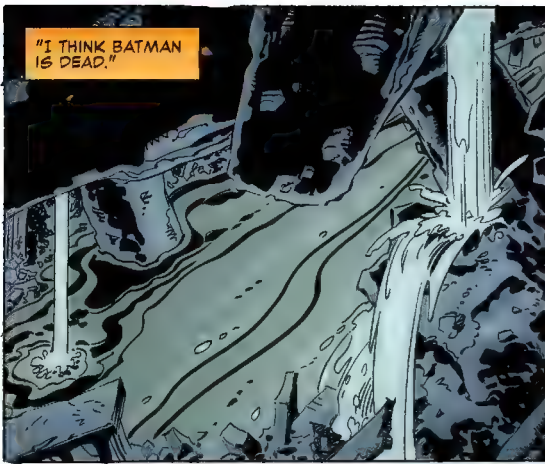








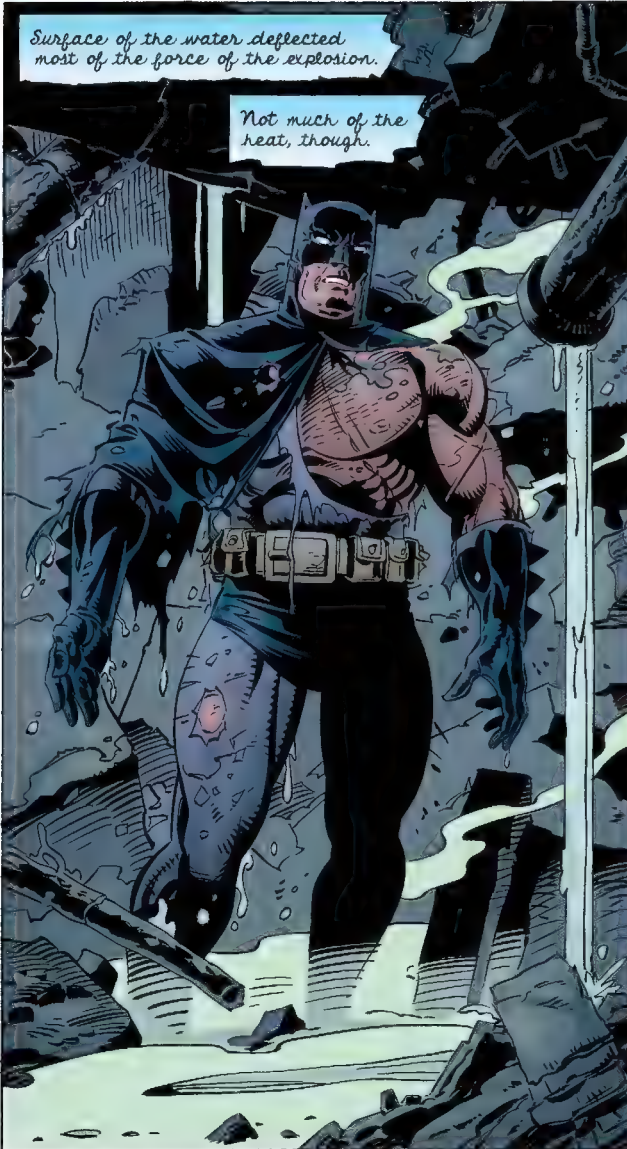




"I THINK BATMAN  
IS DEAD."



Not this time.



Surface of the water deflected  
most of the force of the explosion.

Not much of the  
heat, though.

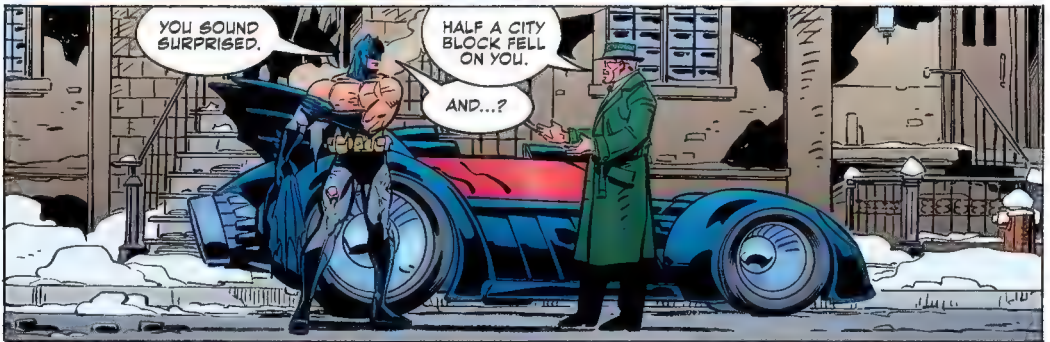


If there had been much  
more gas down there, I  
would have been boiled  
alive.



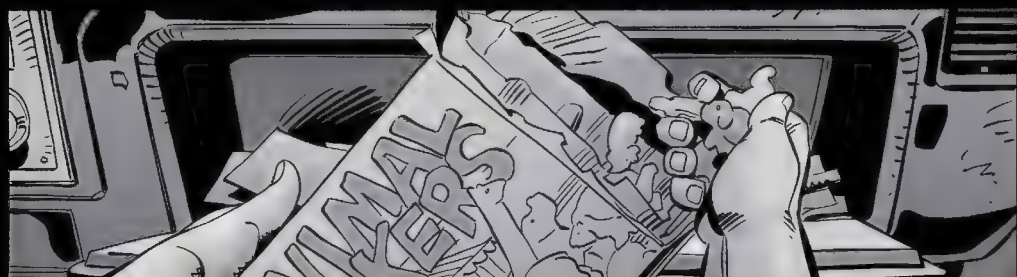
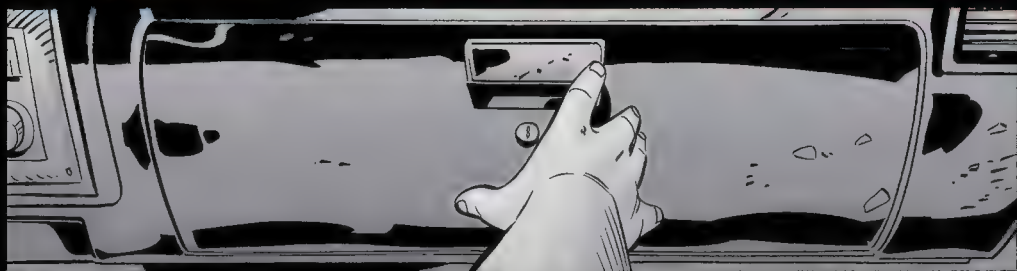
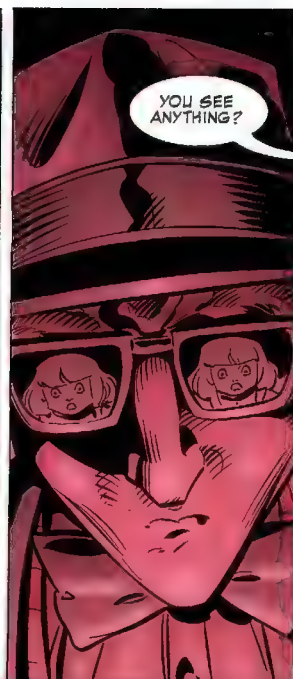
It took me nearly  
three hours to dig  
my way out.



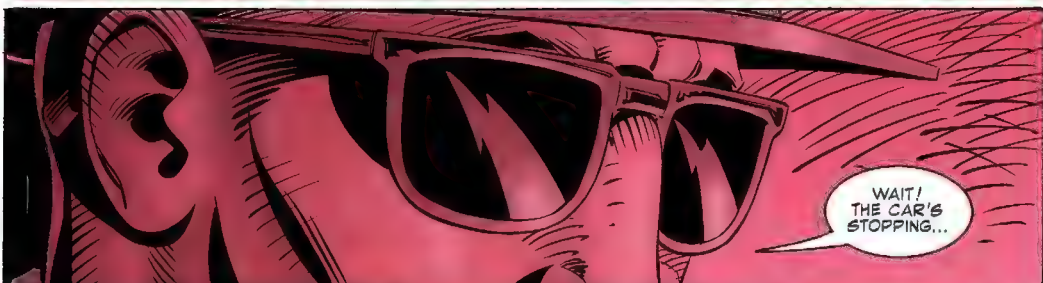






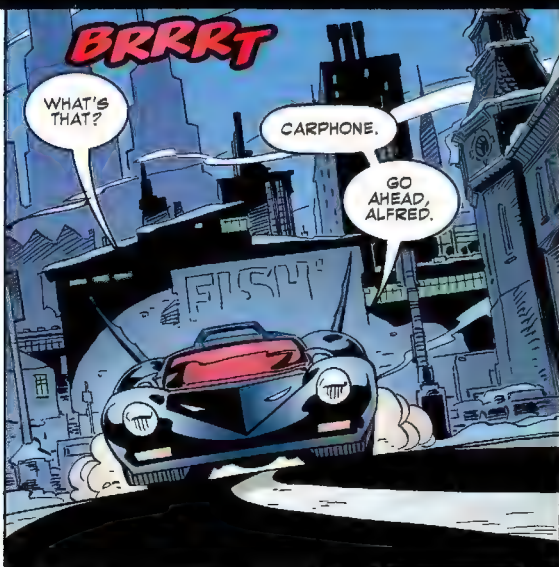
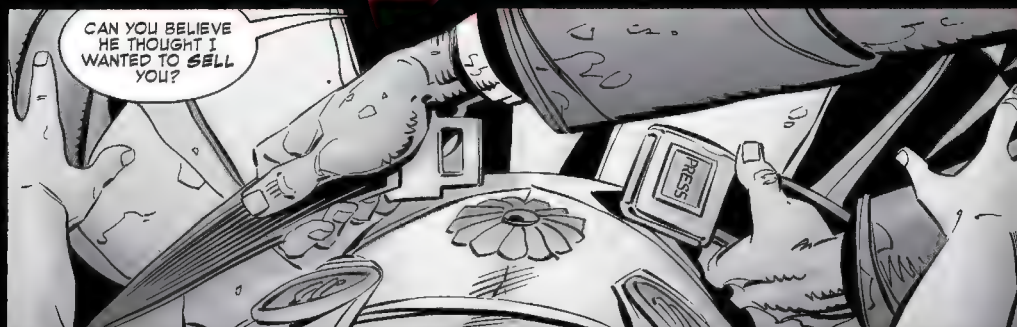
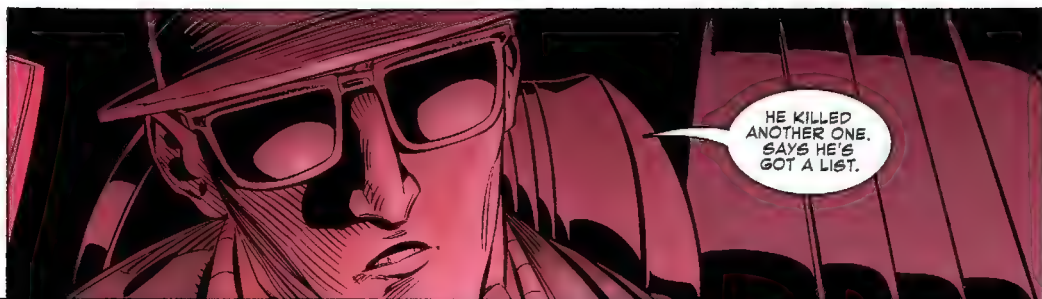














WE'VE GOT A HIT ON THE COLOR AND MODEL CAR HYLAND SAW. REGISTERED TO A JAKE FARELL. HE'S GOT A RECORD.

A.P.B.?

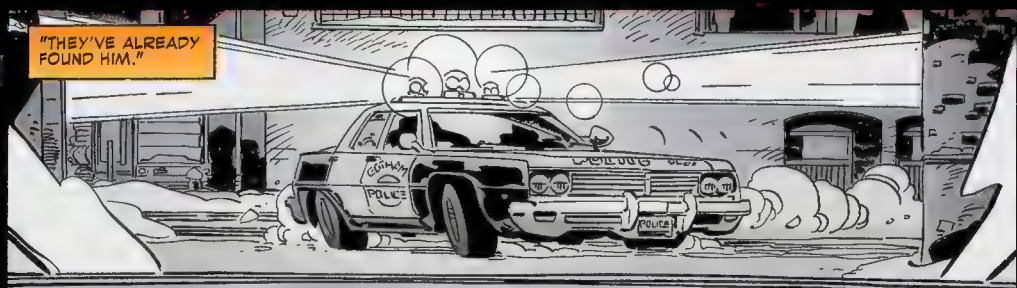


ALREADY DONE. DESCRIPTION AND PICTURES HAVE BEEN ON THE STREET FOR TWENTY MINUTES.

GOOD. WITH ANY LUCK, THEY'LL BE ABLE TO PICK HIM UP WITHOUT INCIDENT.



I DON'T THINK IT'S GONNA GO DOWN LIKE THAT.



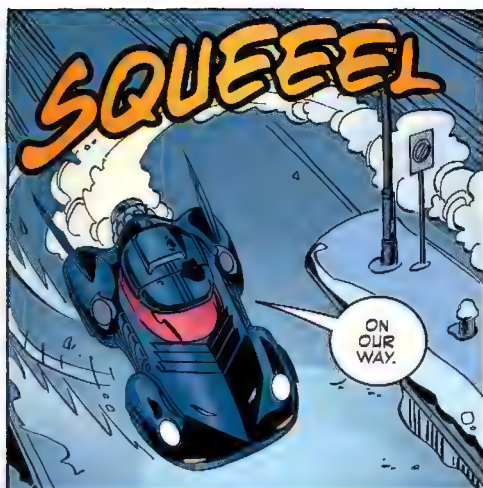
"THEY'VE ALREADY FOUND HIM."



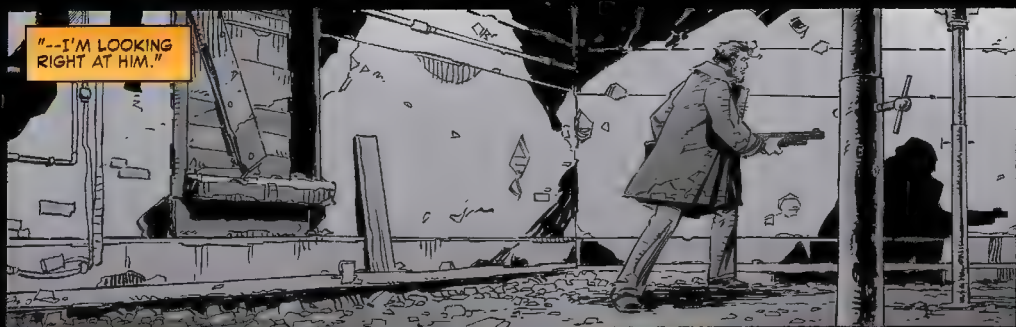
DROP THE GUN, FARELL! DROP IT!

AND PUT THE LITTLE GIRL DOWN! YOU DON'T WANT TO HURT HER.





"--I'M LOOKING  
RIGHT AT HIM."



If I had one wish, it would  
be to get rid of the seemingly  
endless supply of abandoned  
warehouses in this town.



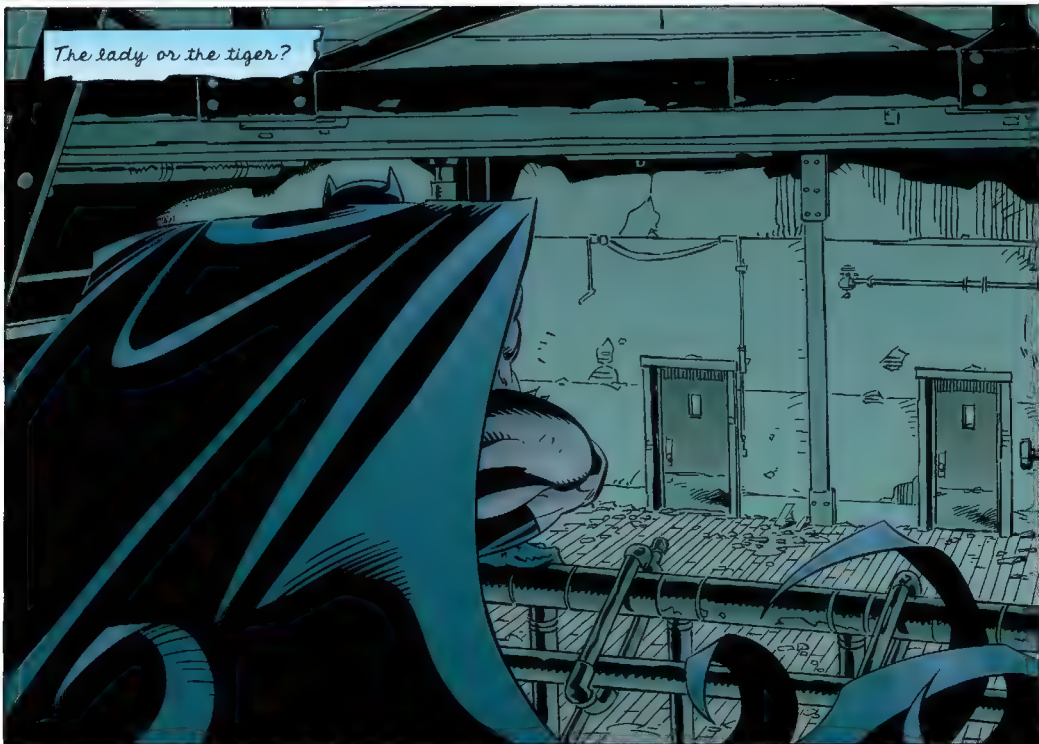
Have to stay away from the  
doors. He'll be watching  
them, and dodging buckshot  
isn't high on my list.



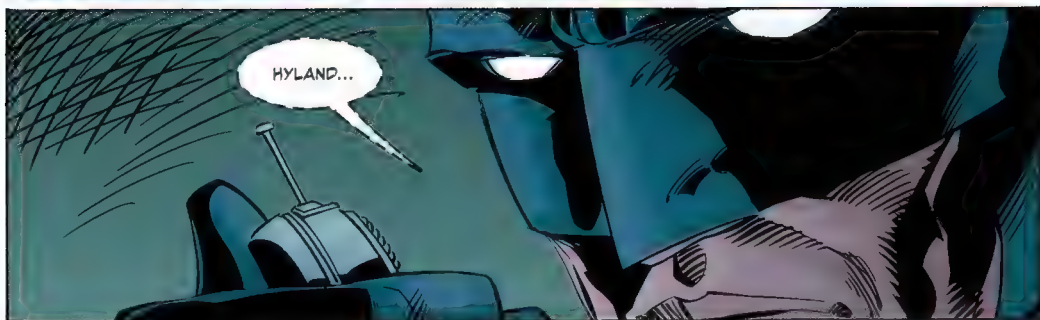
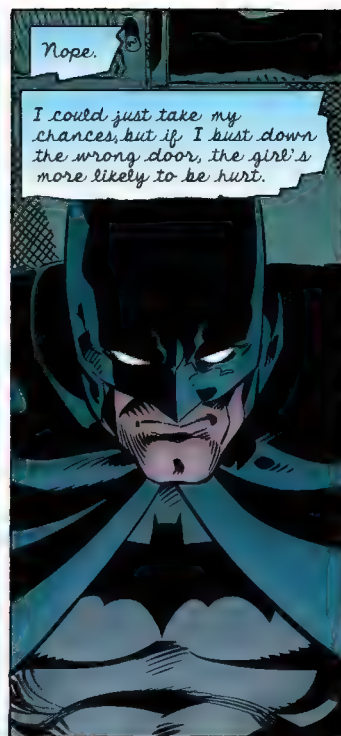
From Hyland's description,  
it has to be one of two  
rooms on the third floor  
in the southeast corner.



The lady or the tiger?







"HE'S JUST TO THE RIGHT OF THE DOOR. YOU GO IN THERE, HE'S GOT A CLEAN SHOT AT YOU."

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A CLEAR SHOT AT ME.

**WHUMP**

I took my best guess, figuring he'd hide in the room closest to the corner.

Wrong again.

My only hope at this point was that his reaction time would be slow.

**KRAKOW**

Pretty quick, actually.

But the advantage was mine. I could triangulate his likely position from his two shots...

**KRAKOW**



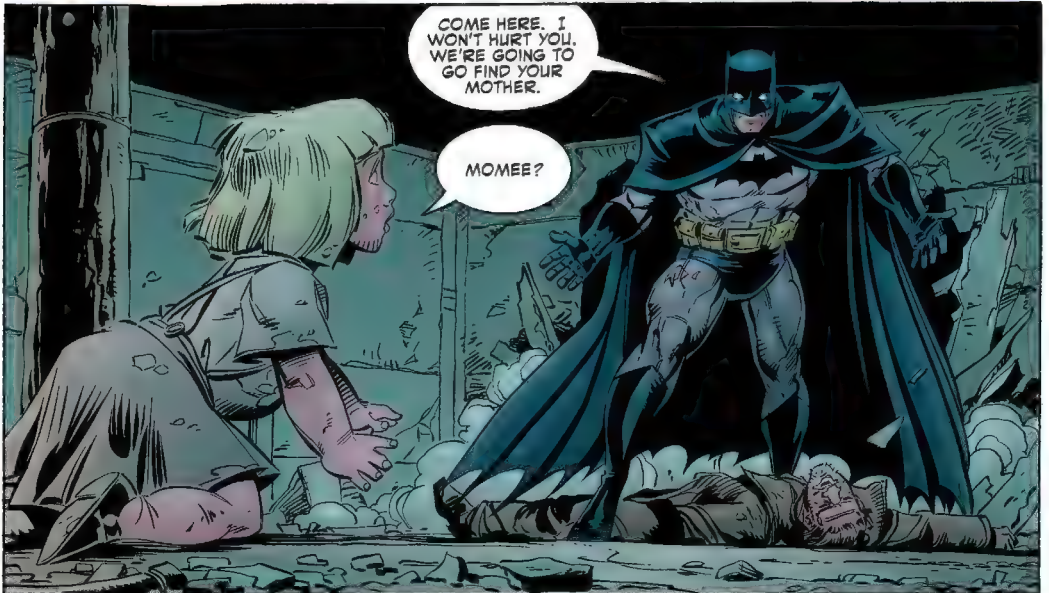


And Farrell was  
working blind.

**KRAKK**



**THOK**



COME HERE. I  
WON'T HURT YOU.  
WE'RE GOING TO  
GO FIND YOUR  
MOTHER.

MOMEE?







A comic book panel showing Batman in a dark, icy environment. He is holding a small photograph of a man. In the background, a man in a trench coat and hat stands near a damaged, dark-colored car with a red stripe. The ground is covered in ice and snow, with large chunks of ice floating in the air.

*It's a cold world.*

*Lee Hyland is a blind man who can see through the eyes of anyone he touches.*

*Because of that ability, a renegade government agency kidnapped him and used him to gather intelligence.*

*I rescued him from those people.*

*Not out of the goodness of my heart but because I too had a use for him.*

*Mission accomplished. But now the government agents want him back.*

*So they kidnapped his girlfriend.*

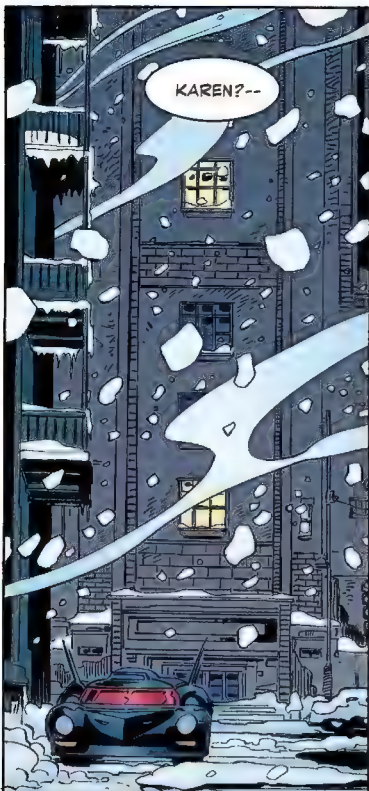
*Cold.*

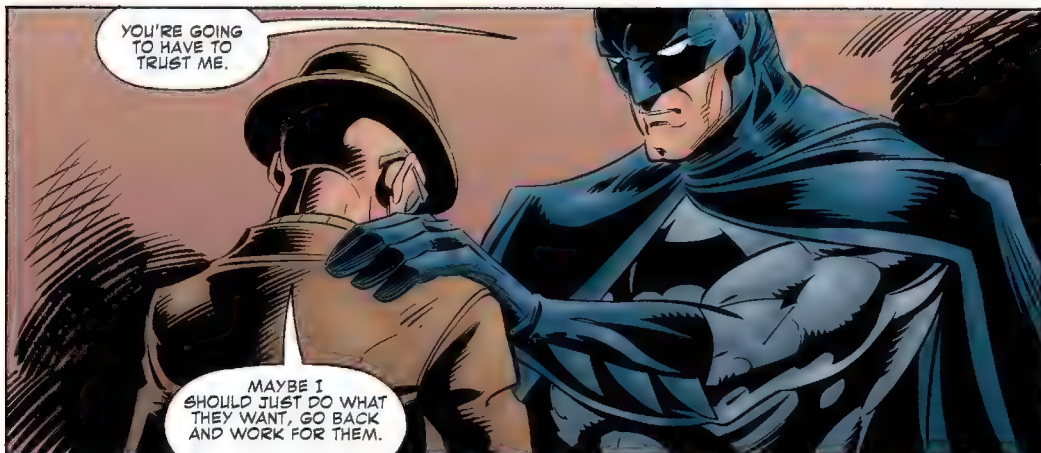
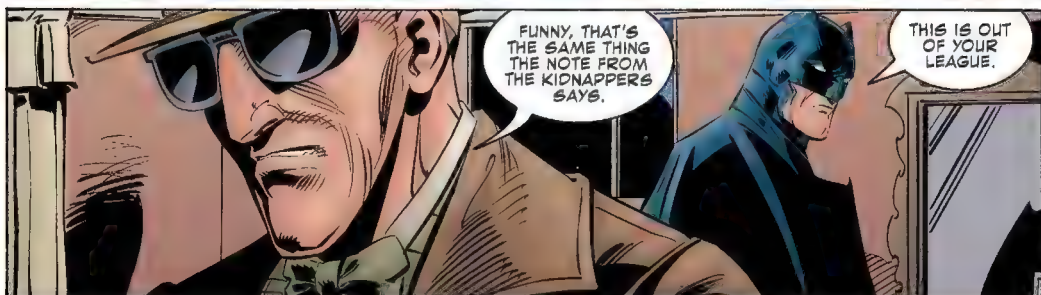
# DON'T BLINK

## PART FOUR

Dwayne McDuffie / writer • Val Semeiks / penciller  
Dan Green / inker • James Sinclair / colorist  
Kurt Hathaway / letterer • Brian Stelfreeze / cover  
Harvey Richards / ass't ed • Andy Helfer / editor  
Batman created by Bob Kane











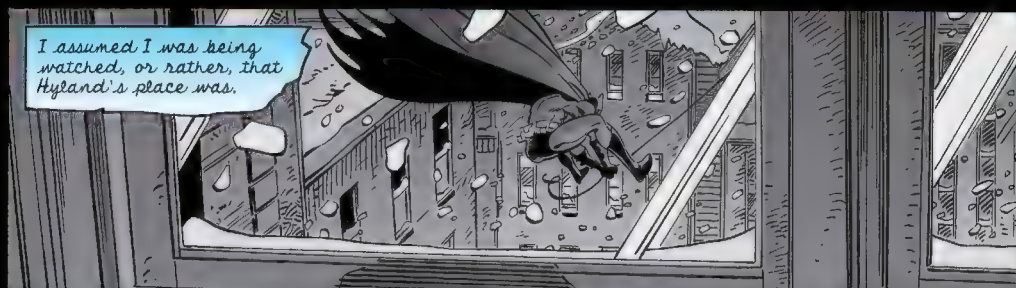
NOT AN  
OPTION.

SHE  
KNOWS TOO  
MUCH, ONCE THEY  
GET THEIR HANDS  
ON YOU AGAIN,  
SHE'S A  
LIABILITY.

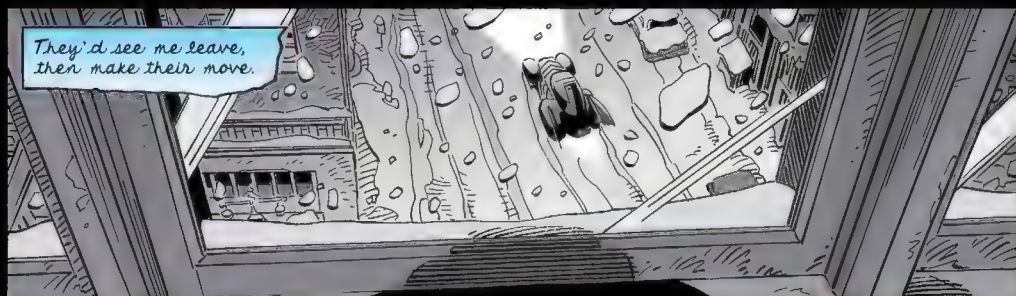


THEY'LL KILL  
HER?

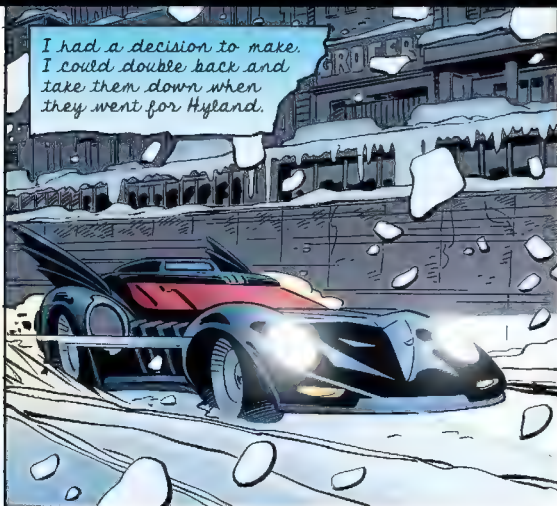
NO. I  
WON'T LET  
THEM.



I assumed I was being  
watched, or rather, that  
Hyland's place was.



They'd see me leave,  
then make their move.



I had a decision to make.  
I could double back and  
take them down when  
they went for Hyland.



But that would put  
Karen at unnecessary  
risk.

So it's  
Plan B.



Let them take Hyland. They'd bring him to Karen to get his cooperation.



And the bug I planted on Hyland's shoulder would lead me right to both of them.



Part of the reason I keep this journal is to do post-mortems on my procedures, so I can learn from my mistakes.

I didn't know it yet but I'd just made a big one.



When planning contingencies, never assume perfect knowledge.

What you don't know can hurt you...



Worse yet, it can get other people killed...

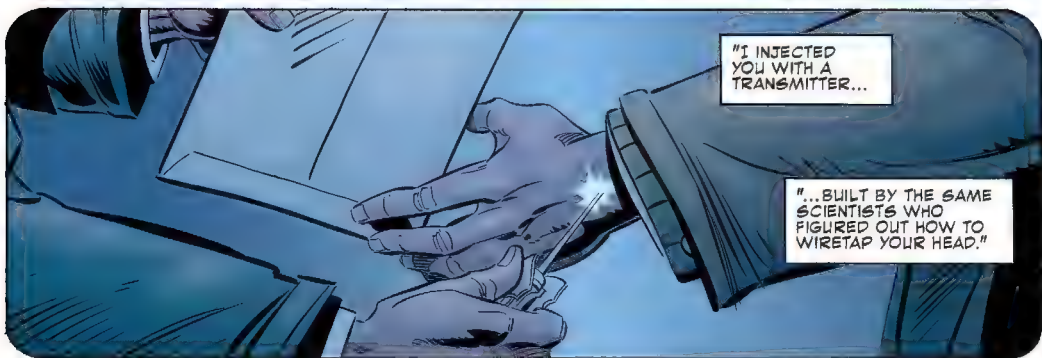
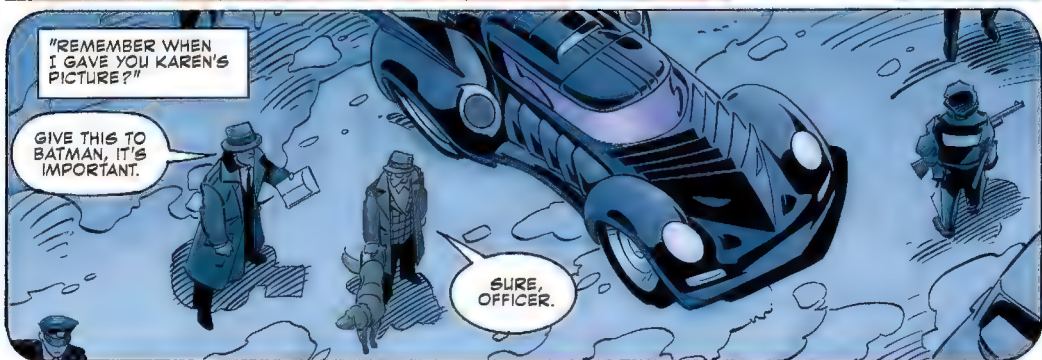
HELLO?--

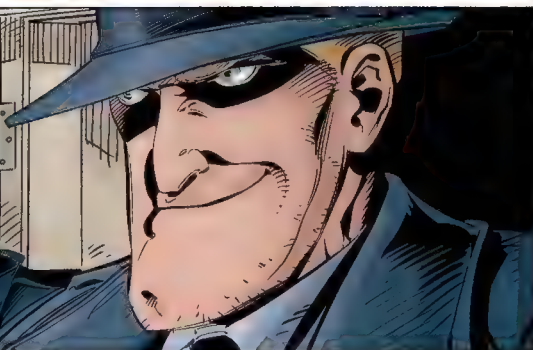


--BATMAN?  
ARE YOU  
BACK?

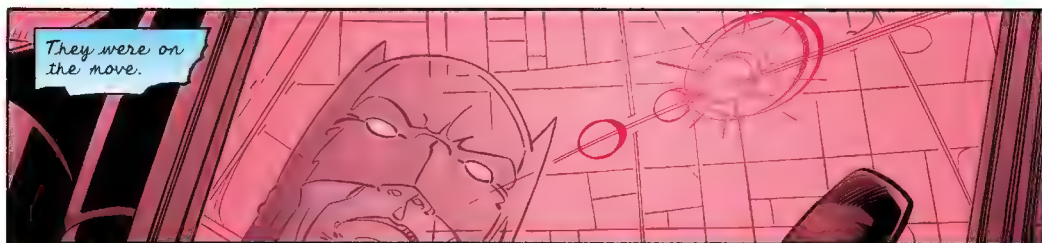
GUESS  
AGAIN.











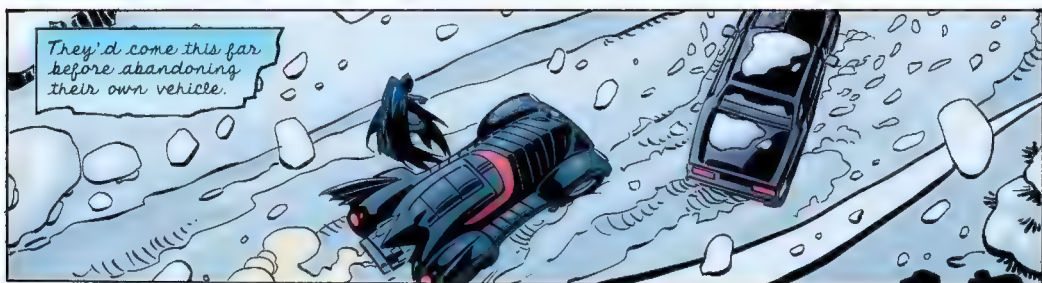
They were on the move.



And so was I.



Three hours later, I'd trailed them as far as the Batmobile could go.



They'd come this far before abandoning their own vehicle.



And I didn't need my tracking device to figure out which way they had gone.



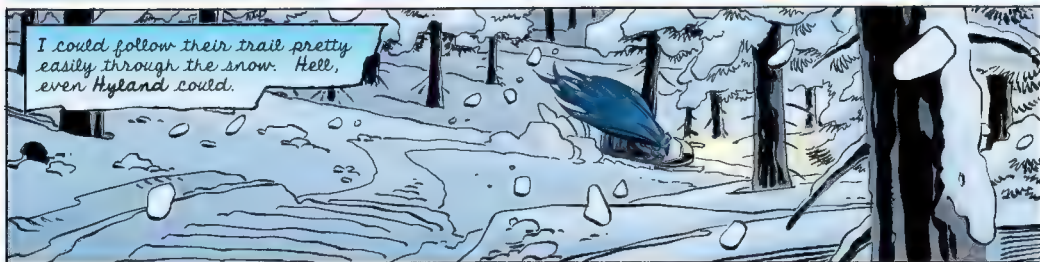
Or for that matter, how they were traveling.



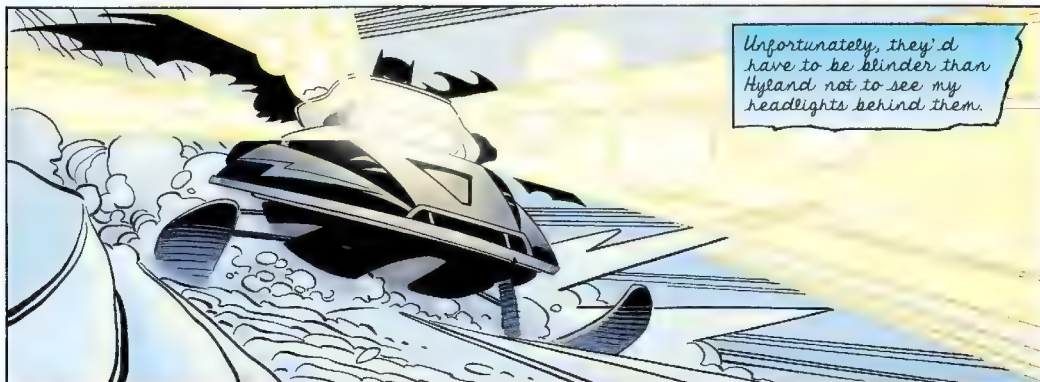


*If they didn't want people to borrow them, they would've chained them up better.*

**VRRRRROOOOOOMMM**



*I could follow their trail pretty easily through the snow. Hell, even Hyland could.*



*Unfortunately, they'd have to be blinder than Hyland not to see my headlights behind them.*





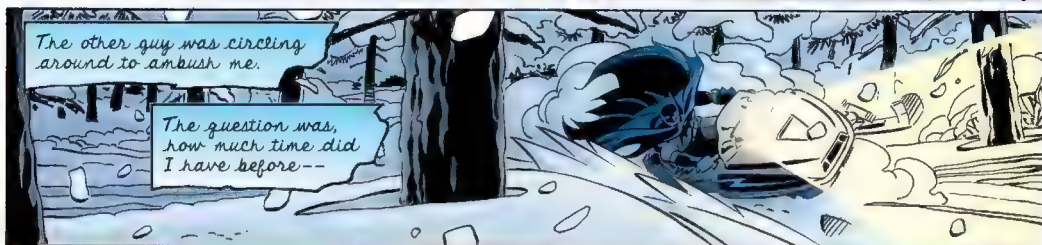
Clearly they knew I was following them.

They split up, to throw me off the trail?



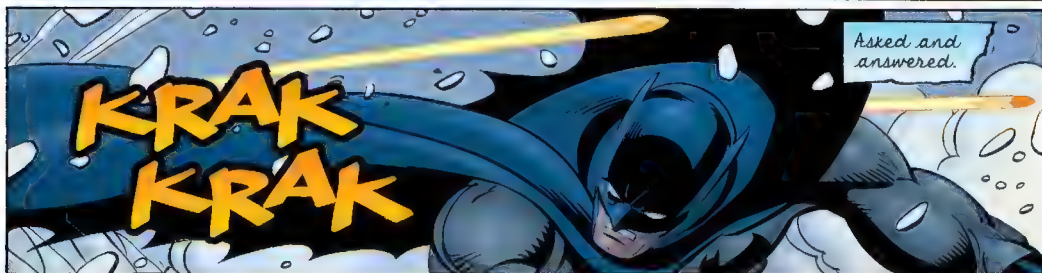
Hardly. One trail continued in the general direction we'd been heading.

That same trail had deeper tread marks. Two passengers.



The other guy was circling around to ambush me.

The question was, how much time did I have before--



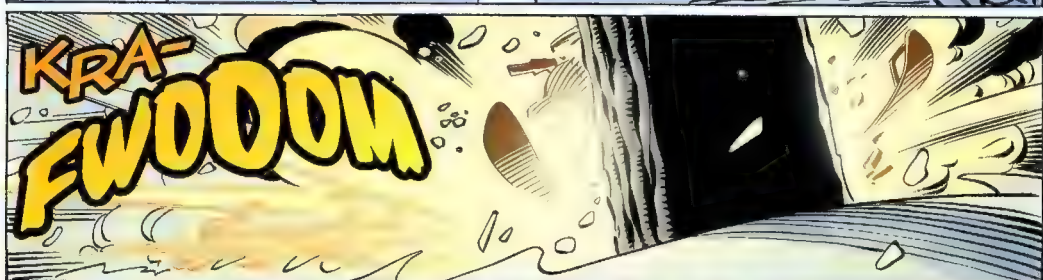
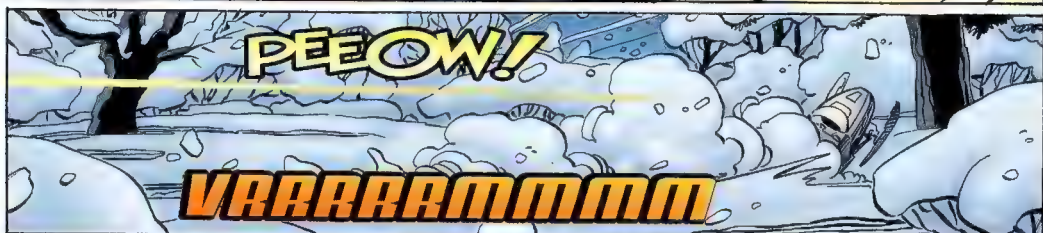
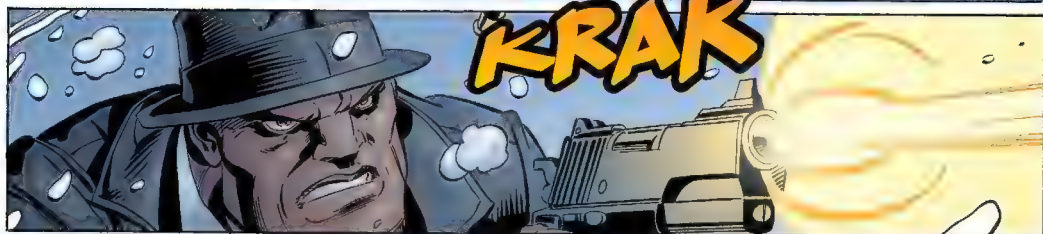
Asked and answered.



I had an idea, but it required getting to the thicket up ahead--

--before I got shot.





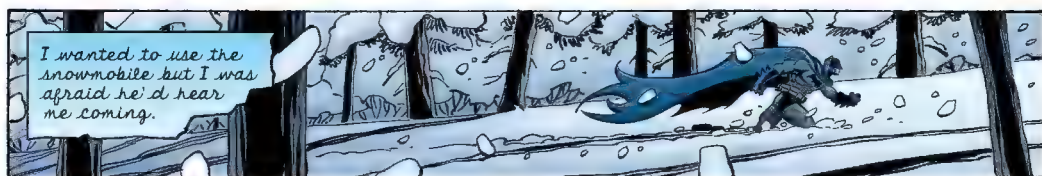












I wanted to use the snowmobile but I was afraid he'd hear me coming.



Although if I'd known how far I still had to walk, I would have taken my chances.



It took me another hour to get there.

It had been at least thirty minutes since I could feel my feet.



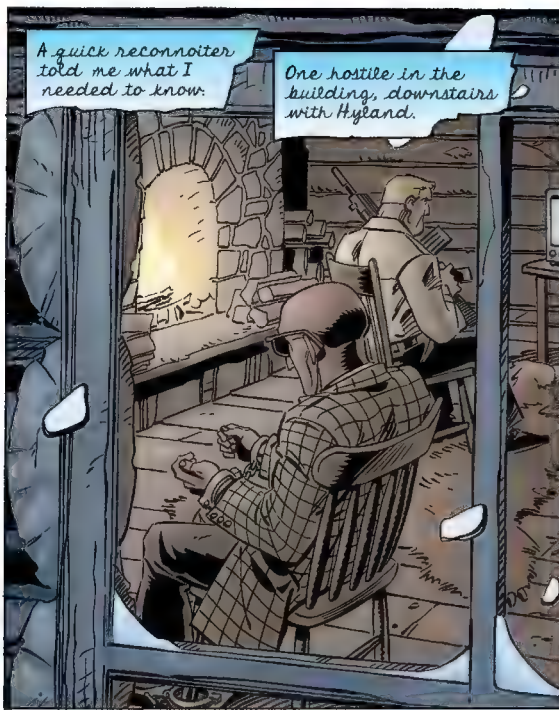
Charlie's a good dog, sometimes I wish I had one of my own.



I hoped that Hyland was still using Charlie's eyes to see, if so, I could give him a heads up.



I'M OUTSIDE, I'LL GET KAREN CLEAR FIRST, THEN I'LL COME FOR YOU.



A quick reconnoiter told me what I needed to know.

One hostile in the building, downstairs with Hyland.



Karen was on the second floor. Looks like she put up a fight when they took her.



She'd been beaten.

I made a mental note to give her captor some of the same between now and the time I turned him in.



The man downstairs would be watching the door, waiting for his partner to come back.



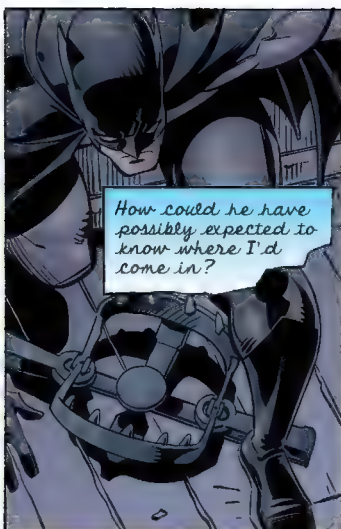
Is she trying to tell me something? What is she looking at?



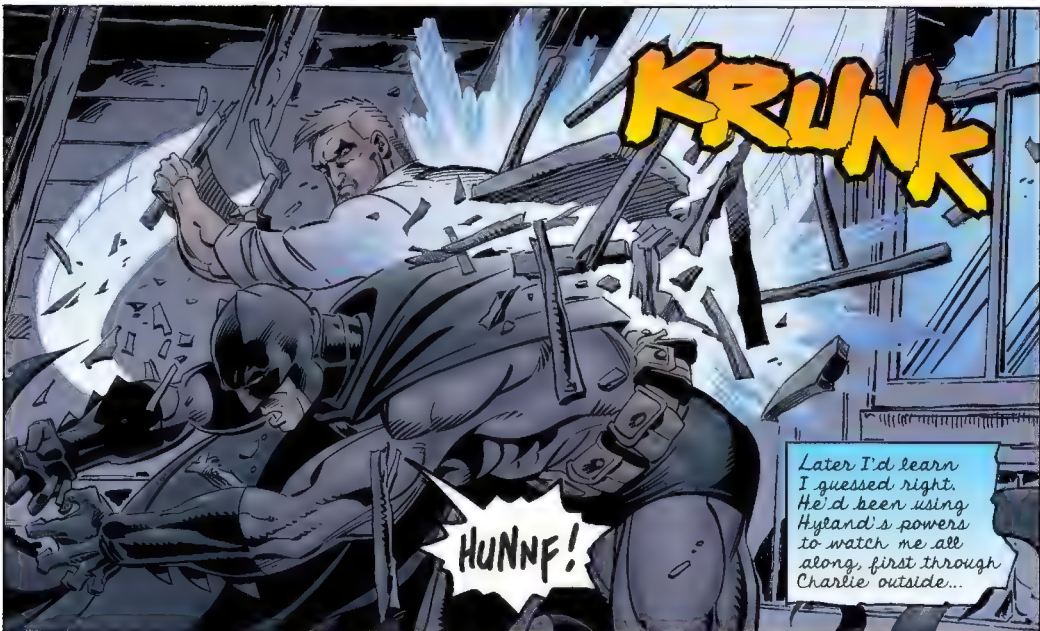
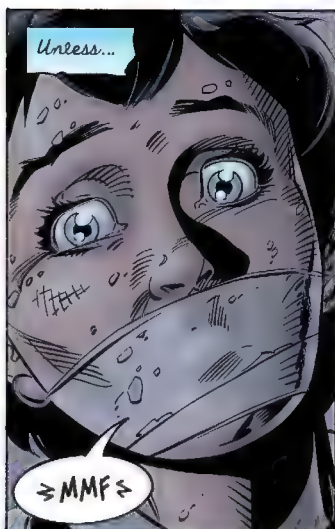
A bear trap?  
He's got to be kidding.



How could he have possibly expected to know where I'd come in?



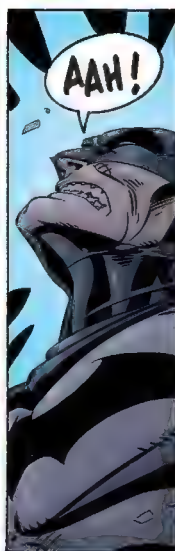
Unless...



Later I'd learn I guessed right. He'd been using Hyland's powers to watch me all along, first through Charlie outside...



...and then through Karen's eyes. I'd stumbled into his trap like an amateur.







I was about to take a beating.

**THUMP**



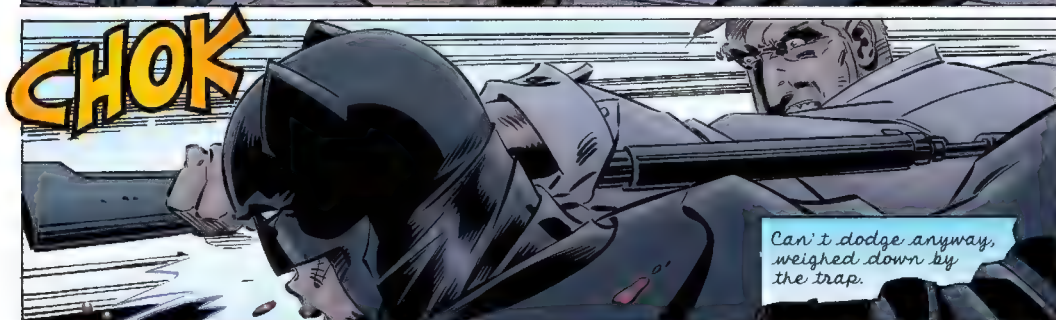
But I'd be damned if he was going to make me cry out again.



**KRAK**

NNNNN

Leg was useless.



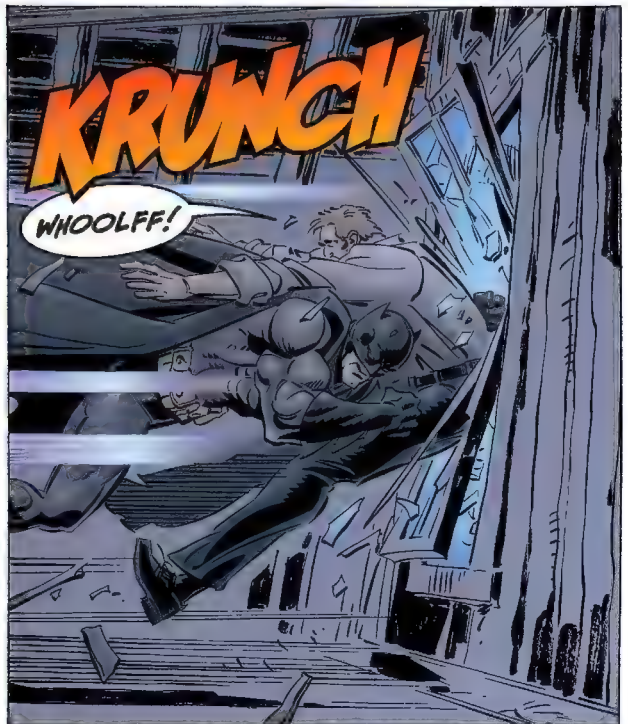
**CHOK**

Can't dodge anyway, weighed down by the trap.

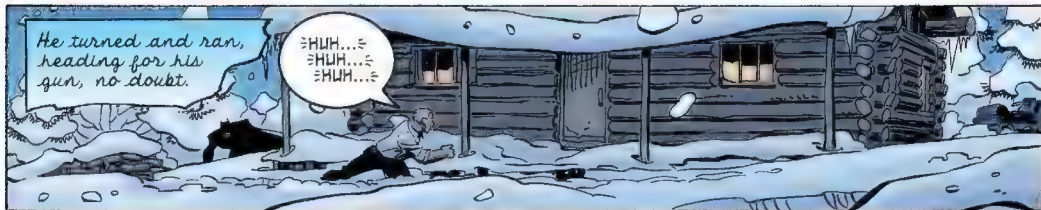


**WHOK**

I'm dizzy from the chair shot. I've probably got a concussion.















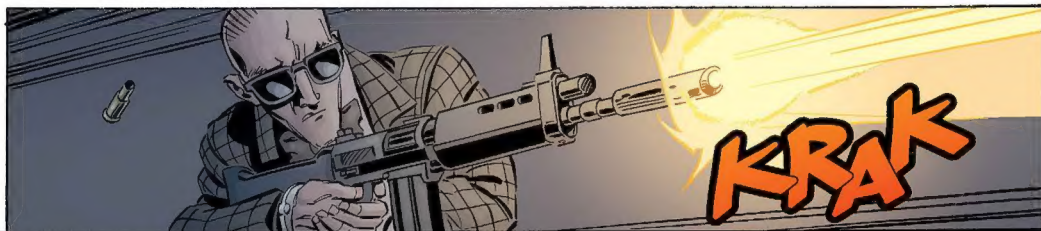
I took a fraction of a second to weigh my options.  
As it turned out, I didn't have the time.

PEEK-A-BOO--



--I SEE YOU!

So he did.



KRAK



Karen never took her eyes off him.



I COULDN'T LET HIM HURT YOU.

SHHH! WE'RE OKAY.

BUT NOW I'M A MURDERER.



ARE YOU? I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING.



Outside, the snow was finally beginning to let up.

By morning, the ice would start to melt.

THE END







# DEAD EYES

A serial killer is loose in Gotham. He has no pattern, and he leaves no clues for the police or Batman to follow. The only certainty is that he will strike again.

Lee Hyland, however, has seen the killer's face, and he knows where to find him. There's only one problem — Hyland is totally blind. As a con artist who calls himself Blink, he plies his trade by taking advantage of a singular gift: the ability to see through anyone's eyes just by touching them. Hyland has not only seen through the killer's eyes, he has even saved one of his victims!

When Batman figures out Blink's power, he calls on him to help take down the conspiracy that's kept the killer free — a conspiracy that reaches into the highest ranks of Gotham society. But it's Hyland who will need rescuing when he catches the attention of a shadowy government agency — and only the Dark Knight can help him!



Acclaimed writer DWAYNE McDUFFIE (*STATIC SHOCK*, TV's *Justice League Unlimited*) and artists VAL SEMEIKS (*DC ONE MILLION*, *LOBO*) and DAN GREEN (*JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA*, *Wolverine*) present a team-up like no other with **BATMAN: BLINK**, collecting **BATMAN: LEGENDS OF THE DARK KNIGHT #156-158** and **#164-167!**

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